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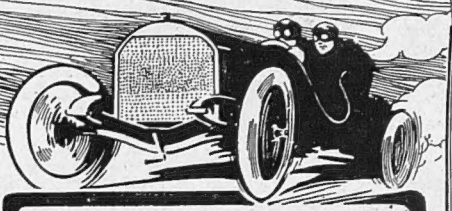

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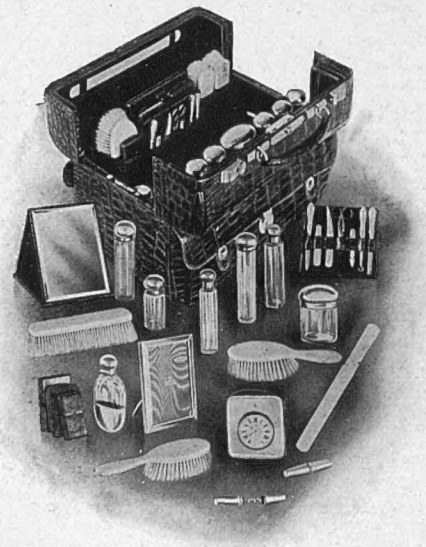

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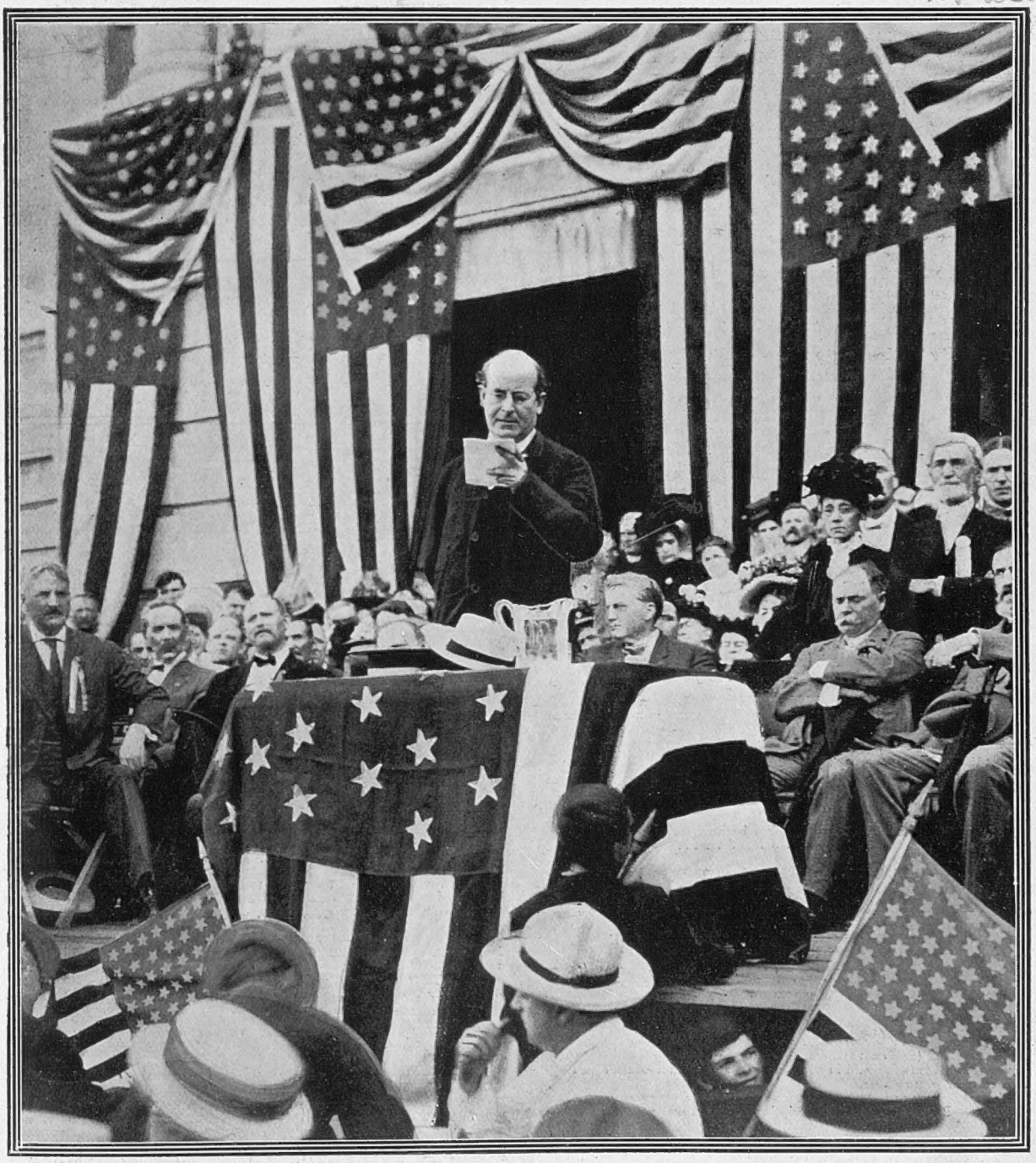

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

AS CONFIDENT AS MR. TAFT! MR. BRYAN MAKES A FINAL EFFORT IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

Which has been fought with such an alarming expenditure of energy on both sides. The feature of the fight has, of course, been the unprecedented action of Mr. Roosevelt in descending from the Presidential dignity to the vortex of electioneering as political parent of Mr. Taft

No. 257.—Vol. XX.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

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"The Road Club Guide, 1908." (Motor Club: 5*s.* net.)

"The World I Live In." By Helen Keller. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Forty Years of Music." By Joseph Bennett. (Methuen: 5*s.*)

"Life and Sport in Hampshire." By C. A. B. Dewar. (Longmans: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Book of Winter Sports." By E. Syers. (Arnold: 15*s.* net.)

"The Lady of Kensington Gardens." By J. A. T. Lloyd. (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*)

"Fate's Legacy." By Frank Desmond. (Ouseley: 6*s.*)

"The Nature Book." (Cassell: 12*s.* net.)

"Tyburn Tree: Its History and Annals." By A. Marks. (Brown, Langham: 15*s.* net.)

"Haunts of Ancient Peace." By Alfred Austin. (Black: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Women Through the Ages." Vols. I. and II. By Emil Reich. (Methuen: 21*s.* net two vols.)

"Sintram and His Companions." By Lamotte Fou-qué (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Alessia." By A. Kouptinn. (Sisley's: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King and the Cambridgeshire

Although the first day of the Second October Meeting was dull, the long-looked-for Cambridgeshire was a more cheery affair. The usually big field, the fairer weather, the interest of the King and his friends, and the victory of one more absolute outsider prevented anything like boredom. It is sometimes better to have bet and lost than never to have bet at all—or had no "interest" in a big event. In any case, Mr. Luscombe is said to have taken 50 to 1 in hundreds about his little-fancied Marcovil, so that he did not run quite unbacked. Although the following days were without any marked interest to the general public, to the racing man or woman—and the ladies who race grow in number every year—all that happens at headquarters is full of portent and potentialities. This last meeting of the season is the time when the great changes in the stables are considered and new campaigns which may involve rather large sums are planned and foreshadowed. In this connection I am glad to see that the changes in regard to his Majesty's racing stable are not so radical as were expected. Lord Marcus Beresford has, everybody will be glad to hear, come to a cordial agreement with his Majesty, and will continue to act as the Royal racing manager. This is much better than the retirement which was hinted at in our columns a little while ago. Mr. Richard Marsh, after migrating from his present enormous establishment, where he trains for others than the King, to a smaller place, will now devote his whole time to training his Majesty's horses, with, I hope, even more good fortune than in the past.

* * *

The Last of Newmarket

At least until next year, for the Houghton Meeting closes flat-racing on the Heath with a snap which echoes through a hundred training stables. The changing weather enabled those ladies with big battalions of trunks to win all along the line. For one day was summery and everything was pale pastel in colouring, and another demanded all sorts of cosy cinnamon velvets and warm furs. However, most of those people who now delight to honour Newmarket — the Moulton Paddocks party, the De la Rues, the Saviles, the people from Godolphin House, the heroine of the last meeting, Lady de Bathe, and the always charming Lady Deerhurst, and others — were quite equal to the changing climate, and looked very smart and happy whatever the weather.

* * *

Sporting Guests and "Saints"

Sandringham will be very lively in the earlier part of November, and some of the more favoured ones will spend at least a week or ten days there. The old style of affairs, when it was sporting guests from Tuesday to Friday and "saints" from Saturday to Tuesday, no longer holds good. Motoring is the favourite pastime, for the King is ever increasing his number of cars.

* * *

The Actors for the Swedish Royalties

The King is always certain to include special theatrical performances when he entertains Royal guests. The King and Queen of Sweden, who will soon be in England, will be given a very good time by his Majesty and Queen Alexandra, who are very up to date even in their relaxation. Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Mr. Martin Harvey are the lucky ones who have been selected to appear with their own companies at Windsor, and, of course, in their favourite and most successful parts. Some of the Ladies-in-Waiting rather like these opportunities of meeting well-known actors, and certainly the three selected for the projected performances are very fascinating men.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Earl and Countess Poulett at the Opening Meet of the Seavington Harriers

The opening meet of the Seavington Harriers at the Lopen Head last Thursday was the occasion of a presentation to Earl Poulett in connection with his recent marriage to Miss Sylvia Storey. The Earl is the Master of these harriers

Will Buelow Go?

Photo *E. N. A.*

Oh that Interview! The Latest Portrait of Prince Buelow

Who offered his resignation to the Kaiser in connection with the famous interview which has made such a sensation

The King's Birthday

November 9, auspicious day, will be fêted duly at Sandringham, and the Royal family, all assembled, will give the usual guesses as to the birthday presents—and they are galore—the King is likely to prefer. The Prince of Wales is always very particular in the choice of his birthday gift to his Royal parent, and on one occasion, when his selection had found much favour, gave a replica of it the following year. This was voted very original.

* * *

A Hunt at Sandringham

There will be a meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds on the Royal birthday, and the King and Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family will see the hounds off. That is the right way to encourage Lord Romney, who has just taken over the Mastership.

* * *

The Queen

Queen Alexandra, accompanied by Queen Maud of Norway, little Prince Olaf, Princess Victoria, and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, younger brother of the Tsar, arrived on Saturday, the King having returned to Town specially to meet their Majesties. Of course, the reunion at Sandringham is of the annual order, and the formal arrangements are all reserved for the advent of the King and Queen of Sweden.

* * *

A Portrait-Photograph

The portrait of Mrs. Winston Churchill on the next page, an excellent example of portrait-photography at its best, is by Mme. Lallie Charles, whose work as a Society photographer is so well known and admired. By the way, I am sorry that Mme. Lallie Charles's group of Mr. Lulu Harcourt's three charming little girls, published in THE BYSTANDER last week, was attributed to another photographer.

* * *

Will Buelow Go?

This week's opening of the Reichstag will probably decide whether or no Prince Buelow remains German Chancellor. Like the gallant man he is, he has taken upon himself the responsibility for the publication of the terrible interview, and in doing so has contrived to represent German methods of transacting Foreign Office business as the most slovenly ever known. Whether or not the extraordinary story of how the interview came to be published will shift the blame from the Kaiser's to other shoulders remains to be seen. Nobody, however, who knows Prince Buelow believes for one moment the ridiculous story issued in his name. If he did not read the interview sent him by the Kaiser, carelessness was not, I venture to say, the true reason. What is much more probable is that his Imperial master conveyed to him the document with the candid intimation that he *intended* its publication. The Prince, probably, with a shrug of the shoulders, said, "Very well. It is better I should not read it." He then passed it on to the Foreign Office, who, apparently thinking that the document came to them sanctioned, contented themselves with merely checking its facts.

* * *

Why Not a Kingship?

What is now to be hoped is that the Reichstag will put a stop once and for all to Imperial interference in foreign affairs, and that the Foreign Minister will be, as in this country, directly responsible to Parliament for everything that happens. As for Buelow, if he retires into private life, it should be with some very signal honour. But, then, he is already a Prince! Perhaps there is a little throne vacant—in the Balkans, may be—that might be found to fit him.

* * *

Our Friend the Kaiser

The famous interview itself is, of course, a most alluring document. I believe it to be substantially accurate, for the statements put into his Imperial

A New Portrait of Mrs. Churchill

Photo *Lallie Charles*

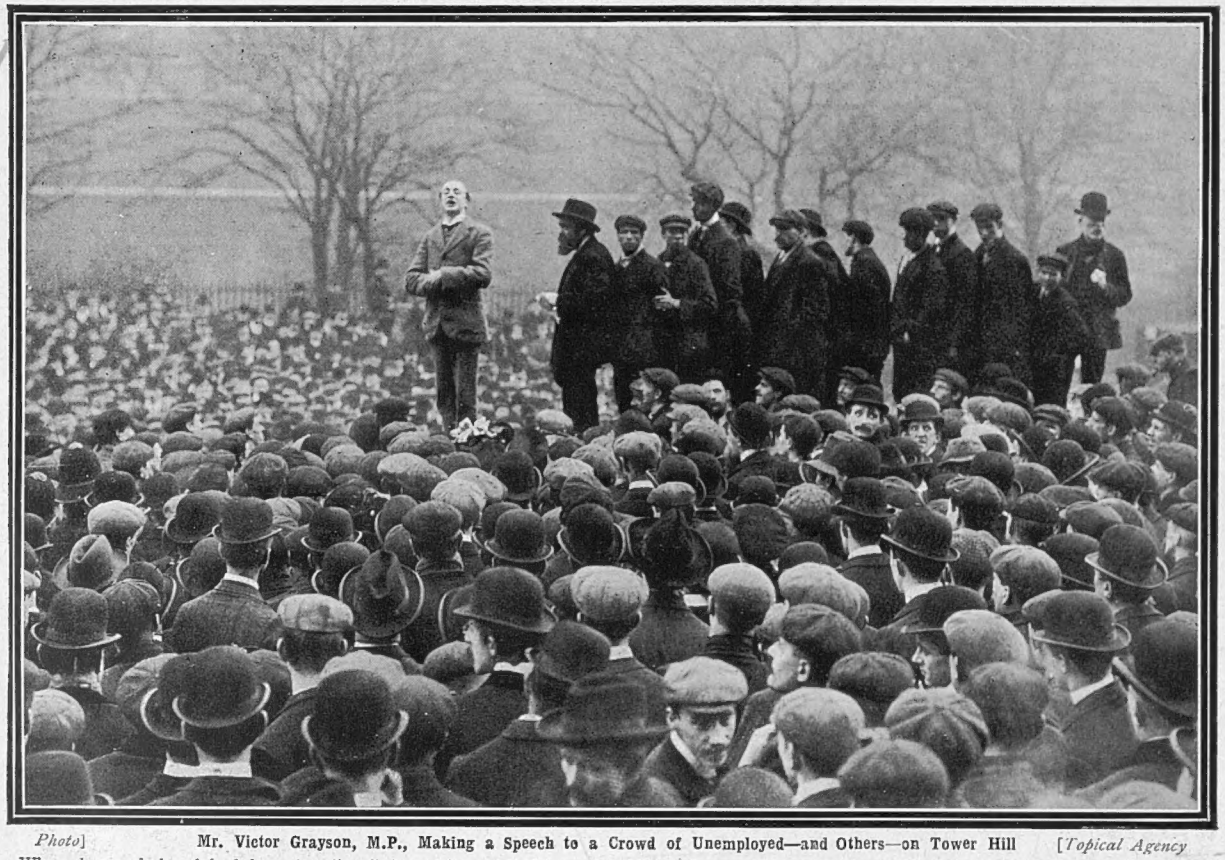
THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

Who has lately been making her début on various platforms as a public speaker, in which capacity she is likely to be called upon frequently to act by her indefatigable husband. The portrait is a notable example of the art of Mme. Lallie Charles, the celebrated Society portrait-photographer

So Near the Tower, Too!

Majesty's mouth were exactly what might be expected to have come out of it. England's friend? Of course he is, and always has been. He sent the Kruger telegram, it is true; but friends, in tempers, are apt to be even more indiscreet than enemies. He has built a gigantic Navy for himself; but, then, one's friends *do*, occasionally, copy one's things, do they not, and if possible try in a perfectly friendly way to improve on them. Then the Emperor made the startling announcement that, at the time of our first disasters in the Boer War, he, with his own Imperial hand, drew up the plan of campaign which was, somehow, identical with that adopted victoriously by Lord Roberts. The fact that the plan in question—the advance through the Cape and the Free State—was the obvious one, which would have been adopted from

Mr. Grayson Mr. Jack Williams



Photo] **Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., Making a Speech to a Crowd of Unemployed—and Others—on Tower Hill** *[Topical Agency*

Where, last week, he advised the mob to "spoil the architecture" of the gaol should Mr. Stewart Gray, the "General" of the "hunger marchers," who was arrested the day afterwards, be imprisoned. He called the House of Commons a "heartless club," which "exists in artificial palpitations," and indulged in a few characteristic pleasantries about Mr. Asquith, who was "vulpine" and "a fraud." He likewise had a few encouraging words for his fellow revolutionaries, the Suffragettes. The remarkably close proximity of the speaker to the Tower of London might have suggested to the authorities a convenient and effective form of repartee to some of the hon. (but suspended) Member's allusions. On Mr. Grayson's right is seen Mr. Jack Williams, who advised the mob to "rob and plunder . . round," and made an awful threat about the West End

the first but for the siege of Ladysmith, does not detract from the friendliness of the offer of it. As to the Kaiser's further reminder that Germany, by refusing to join France and Russia, saved England from being "humbled to the dust," the French will have it that it was they who played this rôle, and that it was Germany who aimed at the humiliation. However, it is so friendly of the Kaiser to *think* that he was friendly to us on this occasion, that one would not wish, for the world, to delve too deeply into hard facts.

* * *

Behind the Grille

I fear it will be many a long day before the Suffragist ladies can entertain the Members again in their own House. The official mind cannot see the amusing side of these little affairs of chains and torn-down screens, of lively declamation, and wild cries. In future those excellent people who ask Members to pass in "a friend, a'f'lly interested in the House, don't you know," will be coldly received. Poor Mr. Idris and Mr. Collins, who, without humour themselves, have been so helpful in making others funny, would now be very shy with ladies and strangers, if the Speaker had not ordered the galleries to be closed.

* * *

Hot Water—In and Out of Gaol

As a matter of fact, everybody in office wants to be agreeable to the Suffragists, but they won't let it happen. Miss Christabel Pankhurst and the rest are to be quite cosy at Holloway, and, I hear, are to be supplied with "hot water whenever they want it." Hot water they always have with them, so that is no great matter. The other day, when Mr. Asquith was anxious to speak to them at the bazaar at Highbury, his words were broken in upon by the loud cries of "Votes for Women!" but after a while one by one the ladies were withdrawn, so to speak, and both sides felt victorious.

* * *

Mr. Grayson's Palpitations

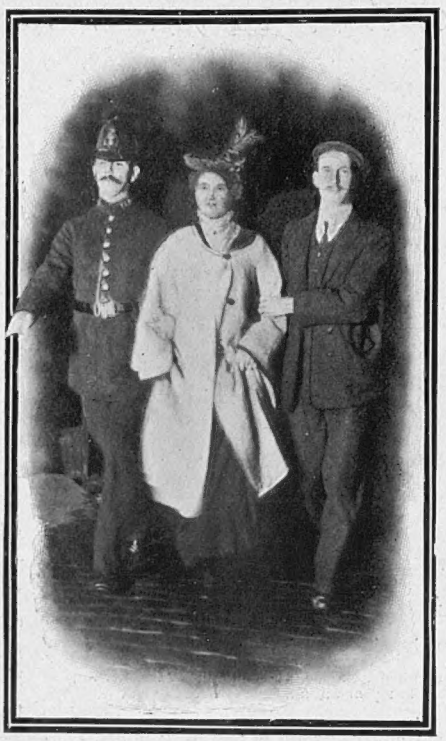
The idea that Society should be broken up and the pieces divided among the unemployed appears to be the unoriginal root of the wild speeches of the energetic Mr. Grayson and many of the somewhat *démodé* Socialists who follow in his train. Such views are very popular on Tower Hill, but they are really no use.

MORE SUFFRAGIST MANŒUVRES

Photos

Miss Maud Joachim

Who paraded the West End on horseback to advertise "the cause"



Miss Helen Fox, one of the Grille Heroines

Being conducted from the House of Commons. She, with Miss Muriel Matters, chained herself to the Ladies' Grille in the House of Commons, but, unlike her companion, who was fined £5, she did not manage to get arrested

SOME OF LAST WEEK'S VARIEGATED ACTIVITIES

L.N.A.

Another Equestrienne Suffragist

Miss Douglas-Smith, who accompanied Miss Maud Joachim on the West End tour

Photo *Park*

Mr. Asquith Calmly Watches the Ejections at the Highbury Athenæum

At a bazaar at the Highbury Athenæum in connection with the Union Chapel, Islington, the Premier was interrupted thirteen times by thirteen Suffragettes, all of whom were carried from the hall

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

One of the Premier's Interrupters

Leaving the meeting at Highbury, from which she was forcibly ejected

WHY NOT GIVE THEM VOTES AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

The Sackville Peerage Claim

The best one can hope for in our imperfect state is the greatest good for the greatest number. To take from those who have and give to those who haven't does not, historically speaking, produce advantageous results. It may sound highly cynic, but the present way is better, bad as it is. For the uneducated and embittered to rule is bad for the mass. The rubbish of the would-be friends of the people will be found to make for even greater unhappiness than the somewhat stupid attempts of the disinterested and educated classes.

* * *

Mrs. Raymond Asquith

Before her marriage with the brilliantly clever son of the Prime Minister, Mrs. Raymond Asquith was Miss Katherine Horner, the daughter of Sir John and Lady Horner, and sister of the beautiful Miss Cecily Horner, who is shortly to marry Mr. George Lambton, a brother of Lord Durham. It has been said that he is the only gentleman horse-trainer in the kingdom, but many Army men have followed his excellent example in this direction. Young Mrs. Asquith does not at all resemble her handsome sister, but has a charming appearance all the same. Her eyes are dark and expressive, her complexion fair, her throat as graceful as that of a Madonna. Of all the girls in Society few are as cultured as Miss Katherine Horner. She reads Schopenhauer, George Meredith, and Mallarmé, and talks intelligently on most subjects. Since their marriage she and her young husband have lived rather quietly. But it is a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. They are bound to make themselves heard in the coming by-and-by.

Photo *Beresford*

Mrs. Raymond Asquith

Who has just presented her father-in-law, the Prime Minister, with a granddaughter. Her marriage with Mr. Raymond Asquith, the rising barrister, last year was a memorable social event

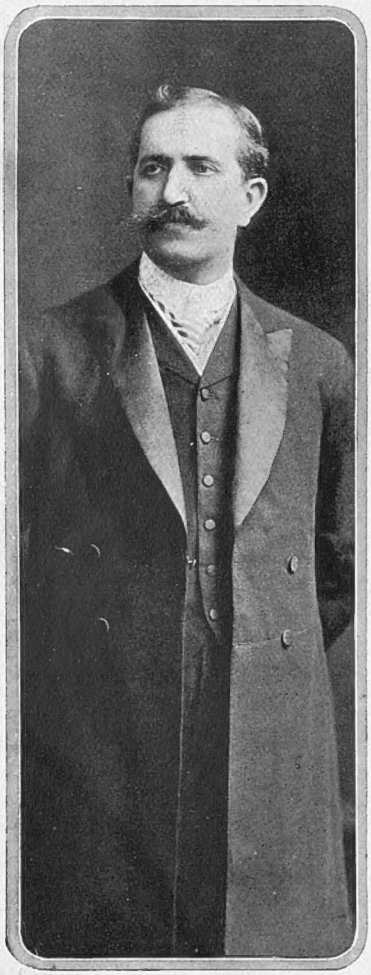
* * *

A "Young Soul"

Mrs. Raymond Asquith was bred on the teaching of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Watts, and was the leading spirit of the coterie of "Young Souls" which comprised as its members Lady Marjorie and Lady Violet Manners, Miss Cicely Horner, Miss Violet Asquith, and Miss Viola Tree. The Watts-Jones spirit of the members may still be traced in the arrangement of the hair and a certain trick of the neck—but one notes that these outward signs are gradually passing into attitudes rather better adjusted to the world with which we amuse ourselves.

Sackville Claims

Madrid is justly famous for its romances, and to those who simply ask for colour and surprise in life without troubling about inconveniences to others, there is considerable charm in such a claim as that to the Barony of Sackville. It is said that long before the late Lord Sackville succeeded to his brother's title he had married in Madrid, and that the present claimant was the first-born of the marriage. A petition was presented here about a year ago, and is still pending. The petitioner and his wife, whose portraits are given, will probably be a good deal talked of in the near future. Somehow, the claims of more or less rightful heirs have not been very lucky of late years, but in this case the evidence on both sides is likely to be of a rather startling character, and anyway the delightful and historic Knole, not to mention about 8,600 acres, is worth fighting about.



Photos] **The Petitioner and his Wife in the forthcoming Action, which is taken in the name of Baron Sackville of Knole** *[Lafayette*

The petitioner claims to be the eldest legitimate son of the late Lord Sackville, and is the godson of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a brother of the Prince Consort. His legitimacy is disputed by his cousin, who is at present in occupation of the estates and title. In October, 1907, the claimant presented a petition to the Probate and Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice under the Legitimacy Declarations Acts for a declaration of his legitimacy, the hearing of which is still pending. Meanwhile he has commenced an action in the Chancery Division for the protection of the estates belonging to the title, and is applying to have a Receiver appointed for this purpose

White Housekeepers—Engaged and Rejected

The White House

Simplicities have always been the particular pose of the head of the not always quite modest "States." The house which either Mrs. Taft or Mrs. Bryan, with her sparkling daughters, have now inherited carries out this idea, and shocks many a visitor who sees it for the first time. It is expected that the White House would be inclined to whip creation, just as any other American institution may be relied upon to do, but instead of that it is quite a quiet and, in some ways, rather an inconvenient place. It is said that the Roosevelts — who came to stay for such a long while— did a good deal towards making the official residence more comfortable and cheery. The garden, for example, that Mrs. Roosevelt has made, should delight many future Presidential people, and remain as a souvenir of one of the most wise and delightful ladies who have had their hands enlarged by the grip of the great American nation. President Roosevelt, by the way, was fifty on Tuesday in last week, when he received a pleasant telegram from King Edward.

Mrs. W. H. Taft
Wife of the strenuous "Big Bill"

* * *

Canadian Consistency

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been at the head of the Liberals in Canada now for a good many years, and it seems that, in spite of a pretty good fight, the Dominion mean to stick to their trusty chief. All sorts of charges of "graft" have been hurled about, but Sir Wilfrid preserves an attitude of scornful silence. It is a pose which he well knows how to maintain. After having almost succeeded in keeping away from our last Colonial Conference, he preserved when here a graceful reticence. It is said that he had not much hope for anything very useful coming out of England, and that he was far happier when, a little later, he ran over to Paris and fixed-up a few commercial treaties and things among the people from whom he and his followers have sprung.

Photo *Waldron Fawcett*

The Quiet Side of White House: The garden that Mrs. Roosevelt loved and designed at the Presidential Palace

Photo *Typical Agency*

Mrs. W. J. Bryan
Wife of Mr. Taft's rival

Marriage to be Made (?) in America

Now that everyone closely connected with the Abruzzi-Elkins affair owns that he or she knows nothing about it, I gather that the wedding and the future Royal position of the lady are (more or less) settled, and may come about in due course. The Duke has obtained three months' leave, "with permission to travel abroad," from the Italian Naval authorities, and is busy with his little romance. Once more the American Press is to be delighted with the analysis of two hearts that beat as one beneath a Continental coronet. Meantime, Elkinsville, West Virginia, the home of the

The Elkins—Abruzzi Mystery

Elkinses, is all agog and alive with enterprising journalists from New York, who send to their respective sheets vivid descriptions of how Miss Elkins receives her registered love-letters from Turin.

* * *

A Modern Princess

Princess Patricia of Connaught finds the climate of Malta enervating, and the life of a garrison does not much appeal to her. Hence the reason of her lingering behind the Duke and Duchess. Miss Clementine Adam, the new Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Patricia, is a sister of Sir Charles Adam, of Blair Adam, and a descendant of the famous Brothers Adam, the Georgian architects and designers. She is an agreeable woman with Scotch wit and perspicacity, and altogether well suited to her post. It is now twelve months ago that the King first suggested to the Duke of Connaught that a Lady-in-Waiting should be provided for his pretty niece, and this, although there is scarcely a precedent for an unmarried Princess having a Lady-in-Waiting of her very own. But Princess Patricia is a thoroughly up-to-date young lady, who wants to see something of life, to visit other Courts, and be independent at times of her own immediate circle of relatives. The King decided that she must be accompanied on her peregrinations by a thorough woman of the world, as well as by her maids.

* * *

To Beautify Buckingham Palace

The proposal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, made to the L.C.C., for ensuring a more beautiful London through the advice of an advisory committee of professional men, has possibilities that Londoners can hardly afford to ignore. It is true that London is neither so black as it is painted nor so ugly as those people who do not really know it imagine. But there is plenty of room for improvement. The King, who has done so much to enliven the spirit of the age, is thinking of Buckingham Palace in this connection. It is a good many years since Queen Victoria disadvantageously compared her house at the end of St. James's Park with the palace of the Sutherlands, and yet the façade facing the Park has been very little improved since that day. Now that the elaborate works which compose the Victoria Memorial near completion, it is, I believe, thought time to put the Royal house in order. Of course, within, the palace is excellently arranged, and the front the public see does not give a good idea of the whole building. It may, indeed, be paradoxically said to be the back, for the part facing the garden is really the front, for that façade is far more effective and noble. The King is lending a willing ear to the suggestions (including some from very favoured and competent quarters) for alterations which shall give posterity a palatial home. The dark, grim-looking pile, which is now a blot at the top of Processional Road, is to disappear either by rebuilding or repainting, by additions or restoration. One idea has gained ground, and that is that Buckingham Palace must be made a suitable building to face the Queen Victoria Memorial.

Photo *L.E.A.*

Miss Katherine Elkins

Photo *Guigoni and Bossi*

The Duke of the Abruzzi

Whether Miss Katherine Elkins and the Duke of the Abruzzi are going to be married is a question which the Italian and American papers have been answering differently every day—denying it one day and asserting it for a fact the next. The sporting chances seem at the moment rather in favour of the marriage taking place

WILL THEY MARRY OR WILL THEY NOT?

Versatility Itself

Photo *Rita Martin*

LADY ANGELA FORBES

One of our most fearless horsewomen and a familiar figure in most of the big runs in the Shires, where she hunts indefatigably. Equally well known is she as an amateur actress, and it has been often rumoured that she was about to appear professionally. She is one of the talented daughters of Blanche, Lady Rosslyn, and is, of course, the sister of the Duchess of Sutherland

BY NORMAN MORROW

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

QUEEN'S THEATRE

"The Belle of Brittany"

I have long looked forward to the joy of writing a notice upon a new musical comedy without being compelled to grumble about the libretto. After an evening at the Queen's Theatre I am still looking forward. Directly I heard Babette (Miss Ruth Vincent) being informed by her parents that Baptiste (Mr. Walter Passmore) was coming to marry her I knew that the marriage would never take place. I guessed this, partly because librettists, in despair of evolving a "plot," resort to the expedient of bringing the wrong couples together in the first act and sorting them out in the second; partly because no librettist would dare to marry his prima donna to a comedian. Directly, too, I heard whispers from Poquelin, the miller, that there was a document referring to the transfer of the Château St. Gautier to himself I knew that this document would turn up abruptly in the second act, seriously disturbing the song and dance revels of which musical comedy second acts are composed.

Other things I knew. To wit, that the vivacious Toinette (Miss Maudi Darrell), having known Baptiste in his former sparkish days, would break up his nuptials and incidentally engage with him in duets with "business." That the young Raymond de St. Gautier (Mr. Lawrence Rea), encountering Babette under a beautiful tree, R2E (right second entrance), 'mid the chimes of convent bells, was destined to step into the shoes of the jilted Baptiste.

This prescience of mine I advance not to my greater glory, but to show that librettos have become stereotyped, and have hardly budged since the days when I attended the theatres in an Eton jacket.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

The Same Rôle, but a New Make-Up

Mr. Granville Barker as John Tanner in *Man and Superman*, now quite an ordinary looking gentleman, and very different from the red-bearded, Shavian-visaged John Tanner of yore. What has Mr. Bernard Shaw to say to this transformation?

Miss Ruth Vincent — Mr. George Graves — Miss Maudi Darell

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Belle of Brittany made her début at the Queen's Theatre on Saturday week, and has been acclaimed worthy of her title, for though the plot is negligible, the music, the colours, the dancing, and the acting form an attractive *tout ensemble*. Miss Ruth Vincent is entirely successful as the Belle, and Mr. George Graves is as humorous as ever as an impecunious Marquis

THREE PRINCIPALS IN "THE BELLE OF BRITTANY" AT THE QUEEN'S

A Topical G. B. S. Revival

A Lack of Situations

No, to put the case in mild form, Messrs. Leedham Bantock and P. J. Barrow have concocted a libretto, the story of which might be written in two languages in the space devoted to correspondence on a picture postcard. This is a pity, because Messrs. George Graves and Walter Passmore, funny as they are, would have been so much funnier if the librettists had helped them along with a few amusing situations. In default of this, Mr. Graves raises laughs with his expressive phraseology and Mr. Passmore with his no less expressive physiognomy.

Of Mr. Howard Talbot's and Miss Marie Horne's share in the piece it is a pleasure to record that they have acquitted themselves well. They are never ambitious, but generally melodious. And it is melody, however hackneyed and reminiscent, which makes for the success of a musical comedy. Miss Horne contributed three of the numbers, and is to be commended for two very pretty duets, "The Stepping Stones" and "The Ingle Nook." A good company worked hard with the materials supplied them.

Mr. Granville Barker as Major Saranoff in "Arms and the Man," the Balkan Melo-farce

The Chief Quartette

There was a lighter touch about the Marquis de St. Gautier than Mr. Graves usually gives to his characters, the Gallic temperament being most amusingly portrayed. Mr. Walter Passmore has not been treated very liberally in the matter of comic songs. There is not much to be made with "The King of the Kitchen." Miss Ruth Vincent flitted gracefully through her part, and sang her share of the vocal score with the utmost facility.

Miss Maudi Darrell, as the arch Toinette, kept the fun moving, and sang her songs with expression. But she needs to practise yet harder her dancing. Miss Darrell is light on her feet and graceful, and the raggedness of her steps seemed to me to be due to sheer lack of training.

The average of dancing upon the London musical comedy stage has fallen very low of late years. Young ladies of prepossessing appearance are thrust into rôles through which they manage to scrape with a minimum of accomplishments. When it comes to dancing, they think that a few "fluffy" steps is all that the public require. Of late years I have seen alleged dancing on the boards of a West-End theatre which would disqualify a girl for a subordinate rôle in a "number two" town pantomine.

E. C. S.

ADELPHI THEATRE

"The Only Way"

The dramatised version of Dickens's great romance, "A Tale of Two Cities," is, for the most part, utterly artificial, but it has a certain amount of life breathed into it by Mr. Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton. Whatever are Mr. Harvey's limitations, which have been evident in the recent revival of *The Corsican Brothers*, in *The Last Heir*, etc., the rôle of Sydney Carton is one in which his greatest talents are allowed full scope and his deficiencies are lost sight of. Indeed, his name is, for me, always connected with the striking poster of Carton on the scaffold, and it is in this part that he lives in the hearts of his admirers. Miss de Silva also appears in her original part of Mimi, while Mr. Fred Wright, Sen., makes an excellent and sympathetic Dr. Manette. The doll-like characteristics of the usual Dickens heroine are, alas! rather too faithfully portrayed by Miss Maud Rivers as Lucie, who might well adopt a more attractive, if perhaps less faithful, portrait of the Doctor's daughter.

Photos] Louka (Miss Francis Dillon) and Nicolo (Mr. James Hearn) in "Arms and the Man" [*Ellis and Walery*

After a short season at the Coronet Theatre, Mr. Granville Barker and his company last week appeared in Manchester in several Shavian plays, including *Man and Superman* and *Arms and the Man*, the Bulgarian *local* of the latter making it a piece which one would imagine should make its revival at a London theatre very opportune, especially if we could again see Miss Dillon and Mr. Hearn in their clever acting of the rôles of Louka and Nicolo

Paul the Plagiarist's Wife

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS GRACE LANE, WHO IS PLAYING MRS. PAUL HUGHES AT THE CRITERION

In Mr. Hubert Henry Davies's new comedy, "Lady Epping's Lawsuit," at the Criterion, Miss Grace Lane is playing the part of the good-natured wife of Paul Hughes (Mr. Sam Sothern), the playwright, against whom the charge of plagiarism is brought by that very amateur dramatist, Lady Epping, a part after Miss Mary Moore's own heart

Random Jottings

The Crown Prince of Servia has explained to an interviewer that he is not really the firebrand that the Austrian papers pretend. It is only the last ditch that he wishes every Servian to die in.

* * *

"If only Europe could realise," said the Prince, in the same interview, "that unless we have access to the sea, we must perish." Austrian statesmen are hoping, however, that access to the Marina will do instead.

* * *

The German Government does not consider that a Conference can be useful unless its objects are agreed upon beforehand. Our own difficulty is to see what use it can be after everything has been agreed upon. But, then, Diplomacy is always very mysterious.

* * *

Our legislators have been in a most law-abiding vein during the last few days. Not a single M.P. has been bound over to keep the peace.

* * *

In view of the fact that only the unemployed are to be used as extra postmen at Christmas, some anxiety is being felt by those who are in the habit of sending hampers and gifts to friends at that seasonable time. "What"—they ask—"if the postman happens to be a Hunger-marcher?"

* * *

Perhaps the best precaution to take would be to label the hamper very cautiously. Instead of "This Side Up" and "Glass With Care," parcels might be labelled "Beware of the Dog" or "This Contains Snakes." We cannot recommend gin-traps inside brown paper, as, after all, this might penalise the recipient of the turkey instead of the postman, and even the addition of some oranges would not make amends.

* * *

Polling for the American Presidency begins to-day. Timid voters should bear in mind that the casualties, though numerous, are not prolonged, and death is usually instantaneous.

* * *

One advantage that Mr. Taft has over the Democratic candidate has not been noticed. Owing to his superior girth, Mr. Taft is far less easily embraced.

A Free Translation

Little Smith has apologetically mentioned that a certain parcel has not reached him

PACKER (*in temporary charge of office*): "Wot about that parcel? There's a bloke 'ere not 'arf kicking up a row"

The Decentralised Army

(*The Government has admitted that* 10,000 *Reservists have been given leave to reside out of the country, the object being to relieve unemployment.*)

"How many soldiers have we then?"
I said to Mr. Haldane—
The Secretary gently smiled—
"Can't say till all are called in."

"Called in from where?" I asked. "Are not
Our soldiers here at home?"
He shook his head. "Oh, no, a lot
Have been advised to roam.

"A number of Reservists tread
Canada's vast arena—
I think of sending all the rest
To live at St. Helena."

"But how will they be back in time
In case we are invaded?"
"That is a poser," he replied—
"They said they'd hurry—they did.

"And even if the Germans come,
And they are still afar,
It will be pleasant to reflect
How well employed they are."

He rubbed his hands so genially
That I replied in haste—
"To exile English Army men
Seems to me purely waste.

"I'd keep them here, and if there must
Be victims found for crazes,
I'd let the Secretary for War
Be first to go to—Blazes."

* * *

Suggestion for a motto to be inscribed over the entrance to the *Daily Mail* offices in Carmelite Street:

"ABANDON SOAP ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE."

* * *

Grave unrest has been caused by the Russian operations on the Persian frontier. The absence of any authoritative statement of British policy from the *Daily Mail* is being adversely commented on in Teheran as a possible symptom of indecision on the part of the rulers of this country.

* * *

"With the end of October comes the last of the garden, and," remarks the *Sketch*, with one of those happy touches of inspiration for which one always looks so eagerly in its pages, "the shortening days mark the coming of winter."

With THE BYSTANDER of November 11 will be presented a Special Supplement dealing with the Olympia Motor Show.

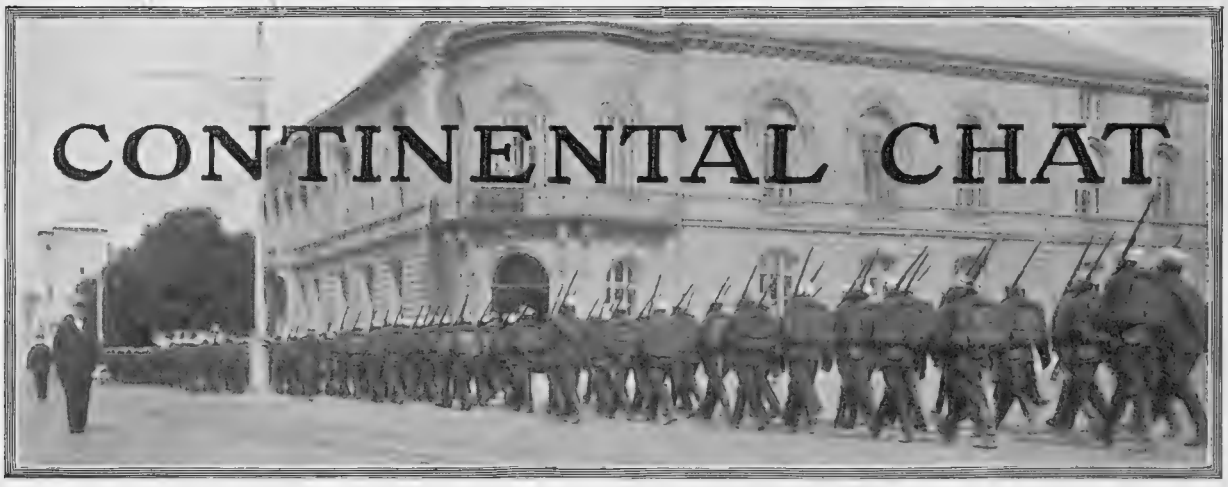
And, Indeed, Why Not?

A SUGGESTION FOR THE L.C.C.

Instead of building subways for foot-passengers, why not have mechanical policemen for fire-alarms, ambulance, or regulating the traffic? These would prove a boon to old ladies and nervous people

BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON

CONTINENTAL CHAT



King Ferdinand's Recent Mobilisation: Bulgarian Troops Marching in Sofia

NEAR EASTERN VIEWS ON THE NEAR EASTERN CRISIS

(From Our Correspondent in Budapest)

Austria Willing to Wound, but Unprepared to Strike

If we have missed war here, it is by a hair's breadth. It would, indeed, have been a curious situation if Servian troops had marched into Austria and had found the Austro-Hungarian army unprepared to resist an invasion. Now that the danger of being caught napping is practically over, and there is no longer any reason for concealing the fact, I can tell you the Austrian mobilisation showed lamentable defects. The railway service was found to be quite inadequate for the massing of troops even on the Servian frontier, but the situation has been kept a profound secret. As a fact, the only defences on the Austrian frontier were the gun and torpedo boats which have been kept under steam, without leave for officers and men, pending the solution of the crisis. But for this state of unpreparedness, the Austrian troops would now probably be in possession of Belgrade. The indignation felt by the Austrians at what they deem the irritating and insolent attitude of the Servians would certainly have provoked reprisals, but, in this case, unpreparedness and not preparedness for war has thus far preserved the peace.

* * *

Photo *Bolak*

Sir Frank Lascelles

Our retiring Ambassador in Berlin, leaving the British Embassy there. His successor is Sir Edward Goschen

A Cure for a Political "Mauvais Ménage"

One effect of the Balkan crisis is that it has drawn Austria-Hungary together as nothing else could have done. The Dual-Monarchy might well be compared with a *mauvais ménage*. The two peoples are always quarrelling, always saying unkind things about one another, and yet they will not divorce because neither can do without the other, and each country knows it too well. Their views on most subjects are not really so different as the ultra-patriots of Hungary would make believe, and in foreign affairs the Dual-Monarchy certainly hangs together. This crisis now shows Austrians and Hungarians that they have to rely upon themselves; that even Germany, who was encouraging them to take bold action, has not the courage to face Europe in their defence.

* * *

England's "Perfidy"

For some strange reason, England's attitude appears to them incomprehensible, unless—well, unless she is seeking perfidious purposes of her own! Hungarians—who are keen politicians and Constitutionalists, and who love England and wish nothing so much as to have closer connections with Englishmen—profess to be puzzled to understand how British Constitutionalists reconcile their approval of the granting of free institutions to Bosnia with their disapproval of the annexation. A leading Austro-Hungarian statesman recently said to me: "Try to realise the following situation: England is in occupation of Egypt. Suppose she granted Egypt free institutions, a Parliament of her own, and, for all practical purposes, autonomy. Then remember that the Sultan is the official Suzerain. Now, where would England be without annexation?" This sums up pretty clearly the Austro-Hungarian argument with regard to the annexation of Bosnia.

* * *

A Servian Note

It is curious to notice that the Servian subjects of the Emperor-King are not reported as having said anything against the annexation, the only policy with which they seem to be credited being that Croatia should be united to Bosnia-Herzegovina to form an independent Principality under the Hapsburgs, making a triple instead of a dual monarchy.

* * *

Francis Ferdinand's Wife

The Princess Hohenberg, Francis Ferdinand's wife, is an extremely ambitious woman. She is a Bohemian, and is patriotically Bohemian in her sympathies. She is determined not only to be crowned Queen of Hungary

Queen Victoria's Twenty-first Birthday

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN RECEIVE AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION FROM THE PEOPLE OF BARCELONA

The Queen of Spain celebrated her twenty-first birthday while on a visit, with the King, to Barcelona last week, the occasion being marked by a special service at the Church of Our Lady of Grace, at the conclusion of which the Queen made an offering of twenty-two pieces of gold, one more than the number of the years of her life, to the Virgin. When driving through the streets their Majesties received a magnificent ovation. They were the victims of a little accident in Barcelona Harbour, when the boat in which they were proceeding to their cruiser was run into by a passenger steamer, happily with no serious consequences

King Ferdinand's Newest Portrait

and Bohemia, but also Empress of Austria. As Lady-in-Waiting to the Archduchess Gabrielle, and not belonging to one of the best Czech noble families, the Bohemians even now look down upon her, and she is determined to have her revenge. She knows what she wants, and generally manages to get it. Like her husband, she believes in keeping all her business to herself. No one knew of her engagement to Francis Ferdinand till the marriage. Although she saw him every day she allowed it to be supposed he was courting her Royal mistress. The very day before her marriage she advised the Archduchess Gabrielle "to put on a prettier dress to conquer Francis Ferdinand"! She is determined not to play the part of a morganatic wife, and she will not. There is a current rumour that Francis Ferdinand has already obtained Papal dispensation from his oath, and he will certainly have the support of the Hungarians in favour of abolishing morganatic marriage altogether.

* * *

"Empress-Queen"

A subject of very great preoccupation in Budapest is what the Crown Prince is going to do. Every act or omission of his is watched with almost painful attention. He is thought to feel unkindly towards the Hungarians, kindly towards the Czechs, and to despise the Austrians. Everything he does seems to have no reference to passing events, yet everybody thinks he is activity itself behind the scenes. Francis Ferdinand will have some difficulty with the stiff-necked Austrian nobility, with whom he is quite out of sympathy; he has not yet "caught on" with the Hungarian nobility; nor is he a popular person, like the late Crown Prince. However, whatever happens in the future, his wife is expected to play an important rôle in the Dual-Monarchy, and Roman Catholic parties are building hopes on the help they can give her towards her great object of being the acknowledged Empress-Queen.

Photo *Chusseau Flaviens*

The Newest Portrait of the Bulgarian "Liberator"

King Ferdinand has been told by the Powers, at the request of Turkey, to stop the mobilisation of the Bulgarian troops within three days

* * *

The Retirement of Sir Frank Lascelles

The retirement of Sir Frank Lascelles, our Ambassador in Berlin, recalls the advantages of a quiet diplomat. A more brilliant man than Sir Frank might, and probably would, have accomplished far less. The bounding Ambassador is always somewhat of an uncomfortable person, likely to make the flesh of Foreign Ministers and permanent officials at home creep whenever the political atmosphere is even slightly tinged with the odour of powder. Sir Frank Lascelles was not of this order. Of his many qualifications for the post in Berlin his greatest is the Kaiser's affection for him, which knows no bounds. And he has been on the best possible terms with all the ruling powers of his accredited country. When rumours of war are about such a state of things is a great asset on the side of peace, and we probably owe more to Sir Frank Lascelles in this direction than many imagine.

* * *

Berlin the Dull

By the way, why is the British Embassy in Berlin so entirely inadequate to the proper dignity of our Ambassador there? It is smaller than and inferior in every respect to the Embassies either in Paris or Rome. It is, perhaps, typical of Berlin as a city. Berlin has many attractions, but it will never cut out Paris, for many reasons. First of all, it is on the way to nowhere—except St. Petersburg. Secondly, in spite of the Kaiser's strenuous efforts to introduce gaiety and fashion into Berlin, his capital remains the most tiresome and most frumpish great city in Europe. The Unter den Linden, which is the Corso of Berlin, is as vulgar in its general appearance as the Boulevard Sebastopol in Paris. There is nothing that recalls the elegance of the Rue de la Paix or the Rue Royale, nor anything that reminds one of the orderly glitter of the Boulevard, nor is there any promenade that could be compared with the ride from the Place de la Concorde, along the Champs Elysées, and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. There is something incurably vulgar about Berlin, and the Kaiser has spoilt the only fine drive in the Park by erecting a series of statues to his swashbuckler ancestors.

* * *

The Queen of Spain's Twenty-first Birthday

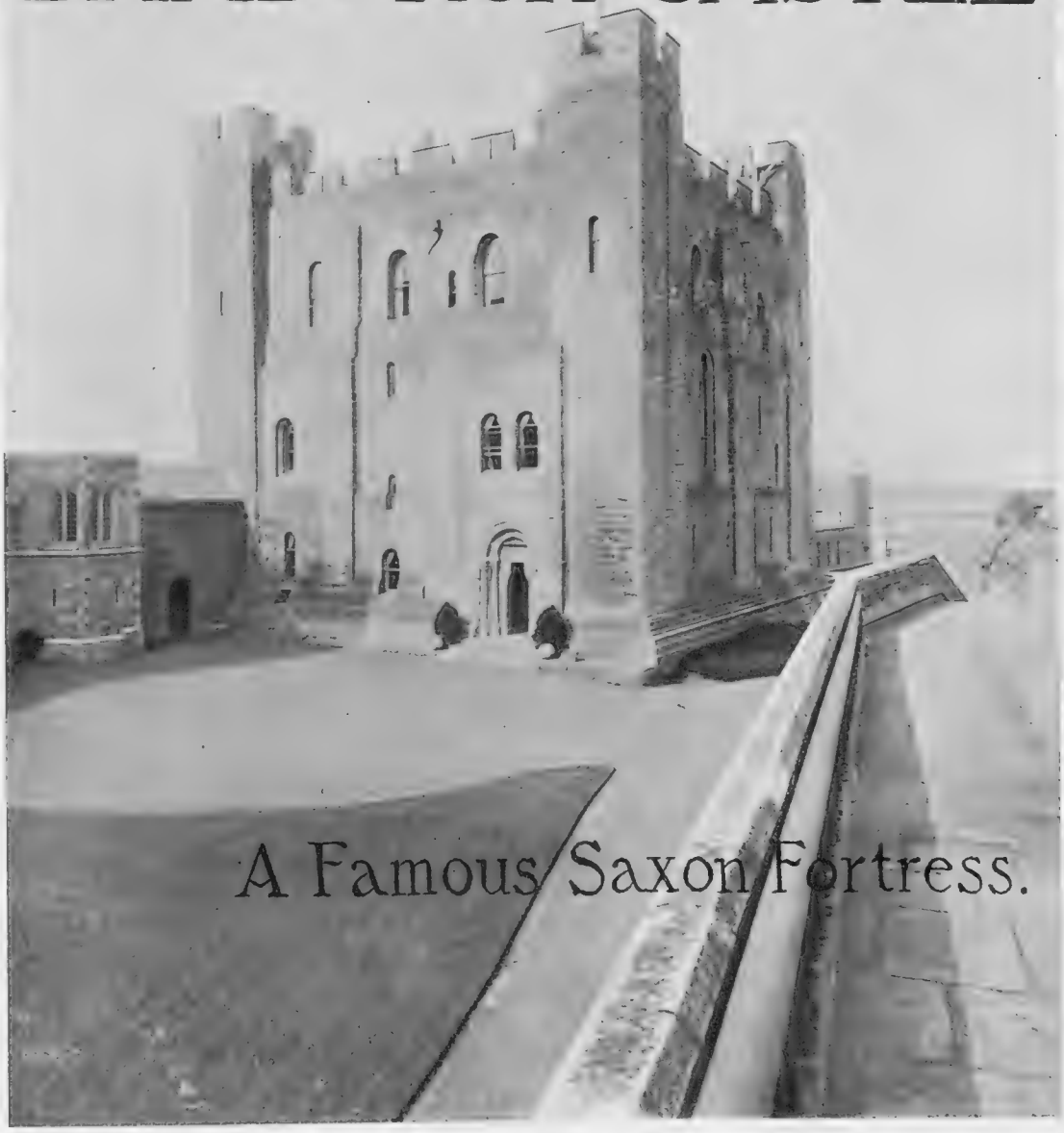
The King and Queen of Spain, who recently had a very good time in Budapest and Vienna, spent quite a birthday holiday—the Queen being just twenty-one—at Barcelona. King Alfonso has a way of delighting everybody, and the Queen has a way of being a success, too, with her complexion of apple-blossom, her hair of *chapeau de paille*, and the jolly way she laughs when anything delights her, such as the performance of *The Merry Widow* not long ago in Vienna, when she clapped her hands like a schoolgirl. At Barcelona the King and Queen had special reason to congratulate themselves on the hearty sympathy shown by all—except, of course, the Republicans, who held aloof from the demonstrations of loyalty which made the visit such a success. King Alfonso, fortunately, is far better in health than he was last year. The secret has leaked out at the Spanish Court that for some time after the bomb explosion on his wedding day he suffered from bleeding of the lungs, brought on by the friction of an infinitesimal fragment of the bomb which had penetrated his right lung.

HISTORIC HOMES

No. 12

BAMBURGH CASTLE

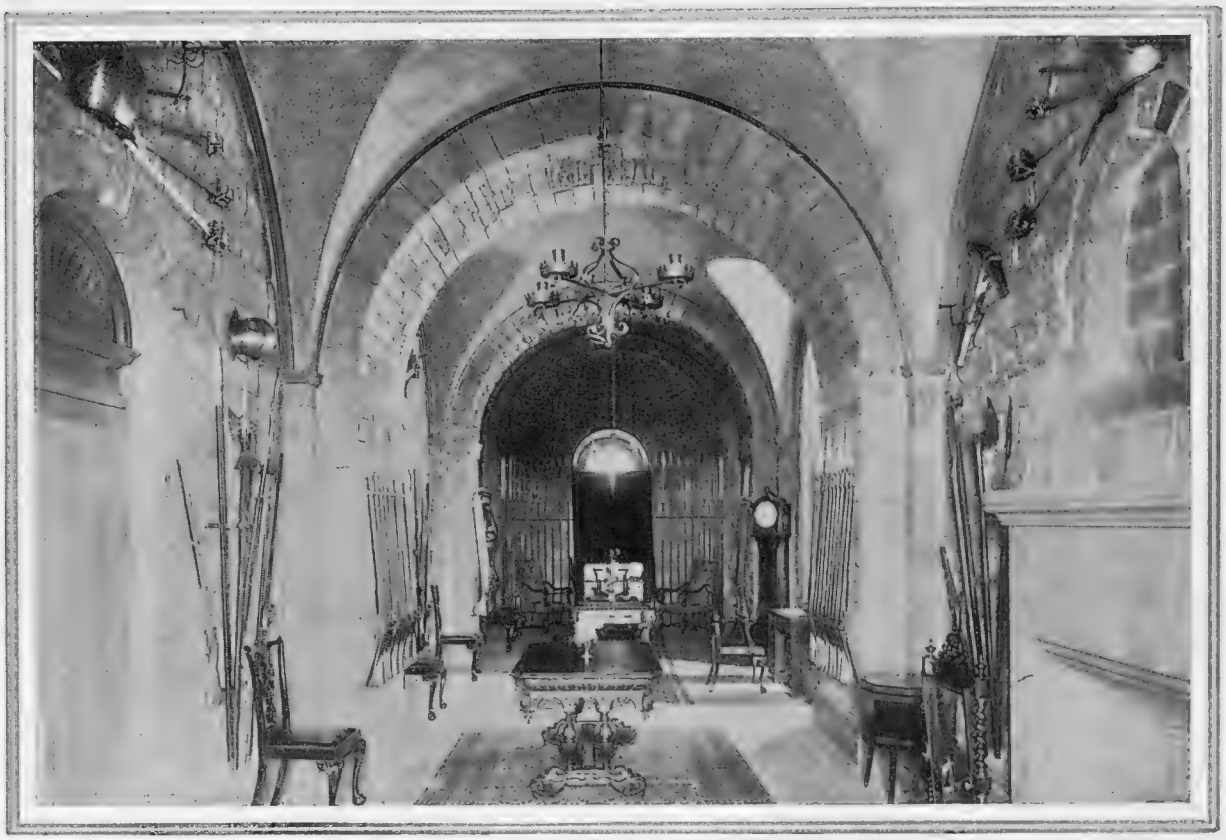
A Famous Saxon Fortress.



THE KEEP

The most imposing part of the famous old Northumbrian landmark, which dates from 550. Nowadays, the Keep is occasionally let, and, with the golf links near, is quite a happy place for a holiday

Two Ancient Interiors



"The Pike, the Helmet, and the Sword," with Weapons of the Gunpowder Age

The arms and armour, like the furniture, tapestries, etc., were collected and placed in the Castle in comparatively recent times, and form a sort of museum of rare and beautiful objects of many ages. In this chamber, with its massive arches, are seen Tudor pikes, helms, and breastplates, with old swords and some early guns. The furniture is mostly of eighteenth-century type

The Hall of Entrance in the Massive Keep

The walls of the Keep at Bamburgh Castle, like those of other parts of the building, are of unusual thickness and adamant stability, and the arches of great massiveness and strength. In this respect they are fully equal to Norman work, though of pre-Norman date. There is a staircase in the thickness of the walls. As in the photograph at the top of the page, there is here a good deal of interesting furniture, ranging from early times to the eighteenth century. Note, by the way, the contrast in headgear of the steel helmet on the central pillar and the bowler hat on the table beneath

Pre-Norman Bamburgh

WHERE DANE AND SAXON MET IN BATTLE

(*Photographs taken for* THE BYSTANDER *by Leonard Willoughby*)

Wall and Tower which have stood the shock of war and battles long ago

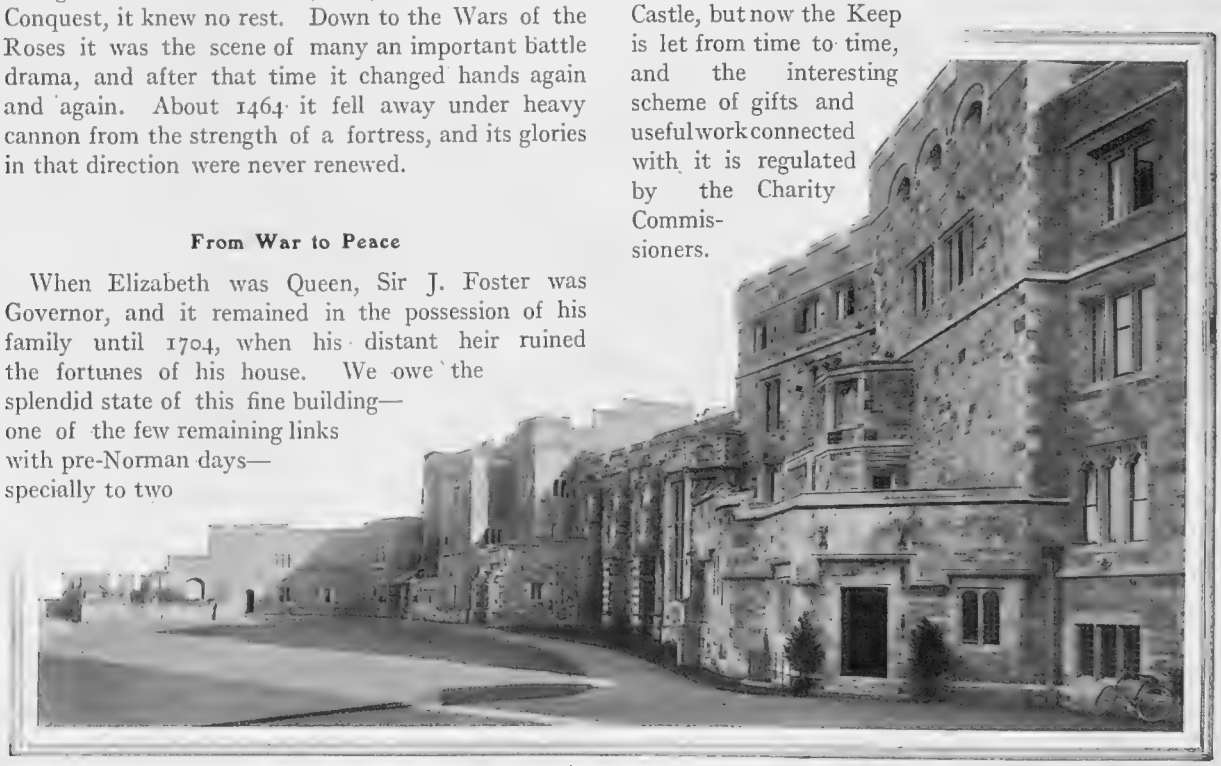
The extreme massiveness and strength of the ancient structure is well exemplified in this photograph, which shows the "fighting walls" with their square towers in all their imposing grandeur and simplicity

THE ROYAL TOWN of Bamburgh—on the Northumbrian coast, about twenty miles south of Berwick—so magnificent under Edward I. that two members were sent thence to Westminster, has passed away, but the Castle remains as splendid as ever. The first Saxon King of Northumbria built it here in 550, upon what was supposed to have been a Roman fortress. Onward through the ages, this vast pile of stonework, crowning the crest of basaltic rock, has held its place in history. It was the centre of warfare throughout the Saxon period—the Danes have besieged it more than once, and, after the Norman Conquest, it knew no rest. Down to the Wars of the Roses it was the scene of many an important battle drama, and after that time it changed hands again and again. About 1464 it fell away under heavy cannon from the strength of a fortress, and its glories in that direction were never renewed.

From War to Peace

When Elizabeth was Queen, Sir J. Foster was Governor, and it remained in the possession of his family until 1704, when his distant heir ruined the fortunes of his house. We owe the splendid state of this fine building—one of the few remaining links with pre-Norman days—specially to two men. The first was Lord Crewe, who became Bishop of Durham. He bought the Castle and manor in 1709. When he died, in 1722, he left a large fortune to trustees for them to dispose of as they thought fit. Dr. John Sharp, the Archdeacon of Northumberland, who was the most famous of these, brought about the restoration of Bamburgh Castle. He founded the library there, he collected the tapestry and pictures and maintained three charities connected with this historic fortress, which add one more interest to its already heavily freighted walls.

For some time one of the Crewe trustees lived at the Castle, but now the Keep is let from time to time, and the interesting scheme of gifts and useful work connected with it is regulated by the Charity Commissioners.



The Courtyard, showing the modern restorations, and (on the left) the old Chapel of St. Peter

The restoration was done in the eighteenth century by the trustees of Lord Crewe. In the course of the work much hidden architecture of the old time was revealed, including the interesting Chapel of St. Peter, discovered in 1773, and partially restored

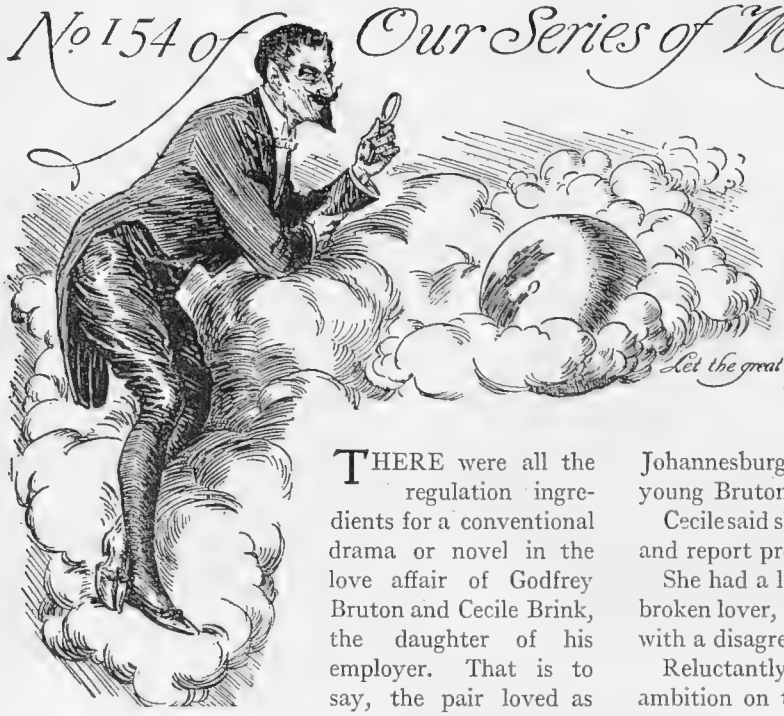
"King Ida's Castle Huge and Square": S

The ancient Castle of Bamburgh is situated on the wild Northumberland coast, about twenty miles south of Berwick, and crowns a perpendicular rock 150 ft. above the level of the sea, a glimpse of which is seen in our photograph on the right. It is accessible only on the south-east side by the roadway in the extreme right of the photograph, and the way of exit is by the road in the shadow of the Castle walls. Bamburgh was originally Bebbanburh, "the town of Bebbe" wife the Bernician King Ida of Sco attempt at storming by Pender, the seventh-c the Venerable Bede says was frustrated by t walls rooted in antiquity and myth, and i strongholds in the land. As is told in the

Saxon Bamburgh, Now a Home of Charity

's poem. Its early stormy history includes the ury heathen King of Mercia, an attempt which prayers of St. Aidan. Thus are Bamburgh's is one of the most remarkable pre-Norman rticle on p. 225, the Castle passed, in 1715, to Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, who bequeathed i for charitable purposes. This charity, now amounting to about £10,000 a year, is devoted to all sorts of good works, such as the maintenance of lifeboats and signals to warn vessels in stormy weather, and the free dispensing of medicine, clothing, and education to the poor. The golf links are seen in the mid-distance bordering on the sea

No. 154 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



A Matter of Atmosphere

By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN

(Author of "Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp")

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THERE were all the regulation ingredients for a conventional drama or novel in the love affair of Godfrey Bruton and Cecile Brink, the daughter of his employer. That is to say, the pair loved as no two had ever loved before, while papa Brink objected as thousands of unsentimental, business-obsessed papas have, ever since parents interfered in such matters, and for the old familiar sordid reason. Godfrey was a gentleman and honourable; therefore, being on the Rand, was poor and likely to continue so. Further, papa insistently favoured the suit of Benjamin Boggis, who was anything but a gentleman; consequently, being a Johannesburg speculator, he was prosperous.

It may be that the clear atmosphere of the Ridge of the White Waters is not conducive to the cultivation of romantic illusions or of the finer phases of plot and passion, even in fervid lovers and angry fathers. Howbeit, the sundering of these attached young souls was brought about without theatrical throbs or dramatic thrills; also, incidentally, by a foolish misunderstanding.

When Joe Brink found time to detach his mind from his business long enough to realise that his daughter wished to marry his thirty-pound a month factotum, he simply informed the young man, in his rough-diamond phraseology, that he would have to stand off the grass to make room for Ben Boggis, who had first call, and was a cash customer.

To Cecile he spoke with a little more feeling, largely the result of a disagreeable interview that morning in that torture-chamber known as the Bank parlour. He made the girl understand that it rested with her whether her father went into partnership with Boggis or into the *Gazette*, adding, parenthetically, that he did not suppose that grim fact would influence her, she being, like all young fools in love, grossly selfish, and indifferent to the fate of the parent who had slaved for her; but she might, he suggested, consider her younger brothers and sisters, who, without Boggis as brother-in-law, were doomed to life-long poverty, to say nothing of the degradation of immediate removal to a cheaper school. Further and finally, this being the last word he would say on the subject, he thought that, as a sensible girl, she ought to jump at the chance of marrying a man who could dress her as a Johannesburg woman required to be dressed, which young Bruton would never be able to do.

Cecile said she would take time to consider the matter, and report progress in a day or two.

She had a long and tearful interview with her heart-broken lover, and, womanlike, threw the onus of dealing with a disagreeable situation upon his broad shoulders.

Reluctantly, but nobly, he sacrificed his life's ambition on the altar of Utilitarianism, which, being interpreted, meaneth the greatest number of nice clothes for the greatest number of the Brink family, or, alternatively, according to the point of view, he cravenly surrendered the love of a simple, confiding girl by giving his word of honour as a gentleman that he would stand off the grass when Boggis was about.

For the first time since she had learnt to love him Cecile regretted that Godfrey was a gentleman.

Of course, according to the canons of lovers' orthodoxy, it was the indubitable duty of Godfrey to have sworn an oath to make way for no low-born Boggis, but to go on to the share market and win fortune and the girl, particularly as things were booming. He did not, probably for the very sufficient reason that the same clear atmosphere of the Rand enabled him to see that mortgagees and bank managers do not give days of grace or any extension of time for the maturing of the golden schemes of youth on behalf of prospective fathers-in-law. Besides, the entrance-fee to the Johannesburg Stock Exchange is inconveniently high.

Therefore, Cecile duly became Mrs. Ben Boggis, and was miserable and beautifully dressed, and had her name kept standing in the Society and ladies' columns of the local papers.

Pa Brink became genuinely happy, for his only appearance in the *Gazette* was in the formal announcement of his partnership with Ben Boggis; and the juvenile Brinks were sent to the best schools in the Colony, where they made a big splash in the way of London style frocks and lavish pocket-money—all of which happiness was the result of the nobility of Godfrey Bruton, for which no one gave him a word of thanks.

The thoroughness of the renunciation was cruelly accentuated when Boggis, by virtue of his control in the Boggis-Brink Syndicate, sent Godfrey up to the fever country to superintend the development of a promising gold property that was to add to the wealth which had purchased and bedecked Cecile.

In fairness to Boggis, let it be understood that Godfrey was exiled, not so much because he was a defeated rival as for the reason that he was capable, cheap, and salted to malaria.

(Continued on page 230)

(All rights strictly reserved)

At the New Theatre

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS MARGUERITE LESLIE

Who is now playing the part of the Duchess of Havant in "Bellamy the Magnificent" at the New Theatre. She has appeared in several of Sir Charles Wyndham's other productions, and was also in "The Beauty of Bath" at the Aldwych

(*Continued from page 228*)

Let it also further be understood and believed—and the lovers of poetic justice will rejoice in the knowledge—that Godfrey suffered all the pangs of unrequited love as the result of his quixotic, pusillanimous surrender. The desolate life of a mining camp in the fever country is conducive to introspection and the cultivation of emotions, if not morals.

Godfrey strove hard to persuade himself that a girl who could prefer cash to character was unworthy the love of a true man. But philosophy, like many much-advocated nostrums, does not always relieve when applied to the sore place of the philosopher.

It was true he had pressed Cecile to accept his resignation, but he did not think she should have yielded so readily to his argument. He had mistakenly worked on the presumption that women are impervious to reason.

Cecile was evidently different from most of her sex. Godfrey overlooked the fact that she had been nurtured in the atmosphere of the Rand, wherein lay the misunderstanding.

Within a fortnight the undoubted good looks of the exile of Love became sickened o'er by the pale cast of thought, too little sleep, and too much of the camp panacea for broken hearts and general trouble—whisky.

Being as yet unspoiled morally by life on the Rand, he resolved to pull himself together and attend to business. So he began to study the reef formation of the district, and looked for things that might benefit himself. He was rather surprised to find that the more he thought of himself, the less he worried about the woman of whose dresses and doings he tried not to read in the Johannesburg papers that came every mail day.

Fate was against him. The rapidly improving conditions of the property necessitated frequent trips into town. Like most men who, when away in the solitude, rail at the hollowness of civilisation, Godfrey was never in a hurry to quit it when he had got into starched linen.

He looked up old friends. Real gentlemen in Johannesburg find many houses open to them. So he heard all the local gossip, and his sympathetic lady friends told him how unhappy Cecile was, and looked, despite the too flattering descriptions in the papers, while his male friends hinted that Boggis was falling a victim to the scourge of Rand prosperity by jerking elbows and raising hands mouthwards.

Ben Boggis was slandered. He was not a success as a drunkard. He was only very human, very Randite, and full of rudimentary notions. His idea of happiness and Cecile's did not synchronise. He worked hard to make money as a means to his resolve to make his wife the most envied woman on the Rand, and, being rudimentary, had to drink as hard to compensate for the expenditure of brain tissue.

Like a good husband—of his class—he shared most things with his wife with indiscrimination, and when he had business troubles took them home and divided them liberally. Cecile had ample opportunity for observing how much some husbands have to endure in the struggle to keep their wives' names in the Society gossip columns.

Now and then Cecile went home to pa Brink, and refused to return to her palatial Doornfontein residence until Ben had given some sort of guarantee that he would not work and swear so hard.

Godfrey was duly and fully apprised of these stories when in town, and his soul chafed. Now and then—in fact, frequently—he met Cecile at the houses of joint acquaintances, when he was mean and human enough to feel a thrill of secret satisfaction that she really looked careworn.

Their intercourse on these occasions was ever strictly restrained and adapted to the exigent Rand code. Yet, sometimes Mrs. Boggis contrived to throw an immensity of pathetic suggestion into her reply to Godfrey's conventional inquiry as to how she was getting on.

She would droop her fine eyes, and, with a bitter little laugh, obviously artificial, answer:

"As well as can be expected."

Now and then she added, "Better than I deserve."

"Happy?" he once queried timidly and half whisperingly, under cover of the other women's chatter.

She did not droop her eyes, but looked at him straight and hard as she did when snubbing some liberty-taking young Colonial cub in a ball-room—a surprised, questioning gaze.

"Happy? Of course. Can you doubt it? Didn't you do your best to ensure happiness for me?"

Godfrey winced at the sting of the lash. It was unjust, for though secretly pleased that she should show some sign of feeling of regret, he was, manlike, convinced that the sacrifice in which she acquiesced was more his than hers. But he made no retort. He could not hurt her wilfully.

She noticed the flush of momentary anger, and, half ashamed, hastened on.

"And you? You should be happy. I hear you have plenty of good sport up country, and I know, like most Englishmen, you haven't room for trouble when you have your gun."

Godfrey foolishly cherished the anticipation and memory of these casual meetings. When he thought out loud in the solitude of his camp he would sometimes pretend to believe it was unfortunate that she, who had so much time for making calls, should select the identical houses and hours that he did. It was only natural that he should look up his friends after long spells of camp life. His conscience was clear. He had never purposely visited houses and places when he knew she would be there. Their meetings had always been accidental on his part. She might be a little more considerate of his feelings. But women were always unreasonable and selfish.

. . . . . .

Things were prospering out on the Boggis-Brink property. Not only was the reef promising, but Godfrey's self-imposed prospecting work had borne fruit. He had discovered other reefs adjacent to the property which would extend the life of the "B.B." mine several years. He had pegged out as many claims as the law allowed in the names of his employers and self, and they had been duly registered in their joint names, and the firm paid licence fees for him. If the promise of the reef were fulfilled, Godfrey would be a rich man in a year or two.

He mentioned his good fortune with something like vindictive jubilancy the next time Cecile and he got a few minutes together.

(*Continued on page 232*)

In the Land of Châteaux

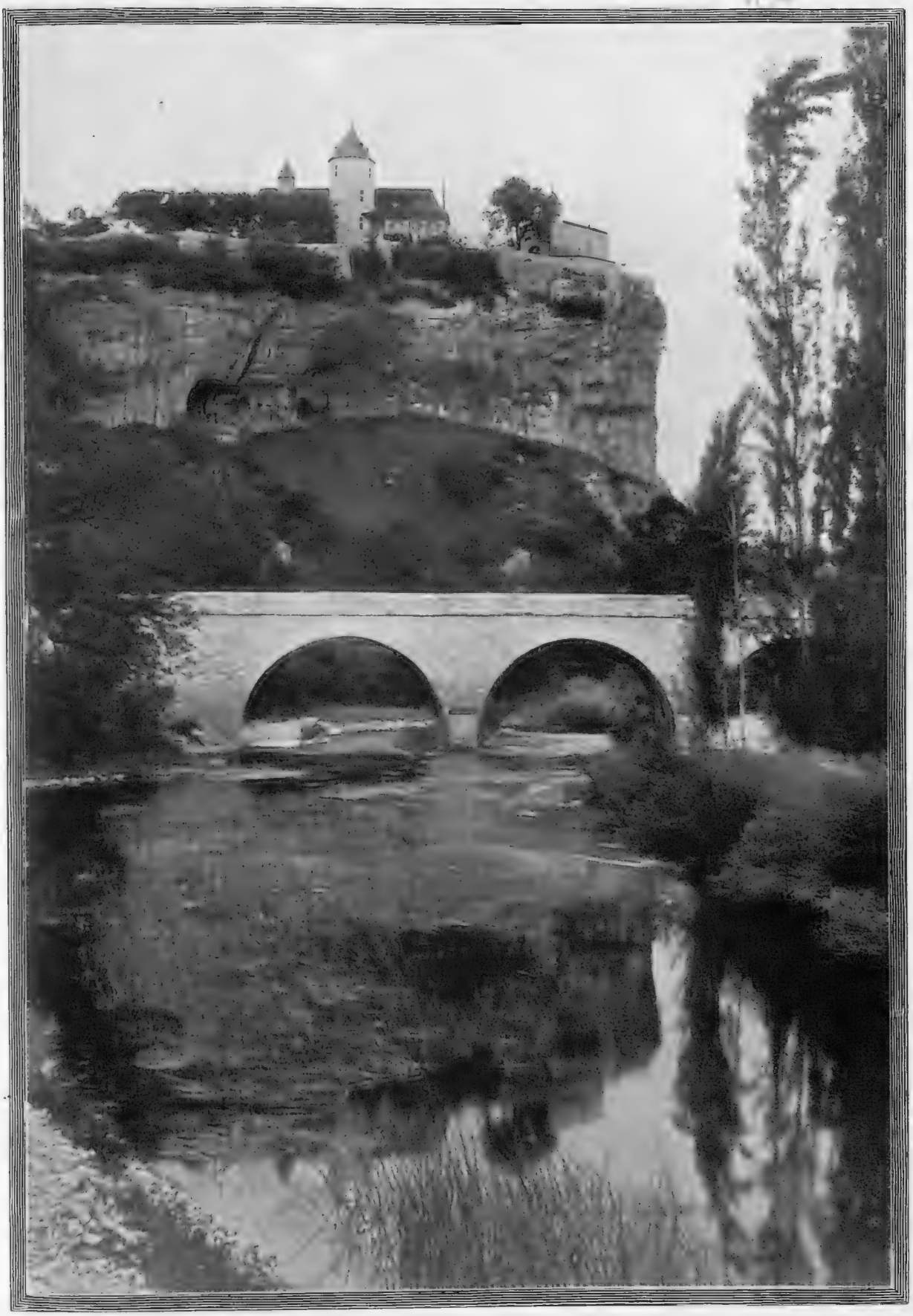


Photo *Colonel Boulter*

THE CHATEAU AND BRIDGE OF DOURDAN ON THE RIVER OUYE, TOURAINE

Touraine is well-termed "Chateau-land," for in no district can so many of these interesting links with a past age be found. The little town of Dourdan, where the river Ouye is spanned by two stone bridges, is dominated by a castle, built in the twelfth century by Philip II., who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, where he quarrelled with him. The massive tower and turreted wall still stand, and the church on the extreme edge of the rock contains some fine wood-carving

(*Continued from page 230*)

She congratulated him in restrained, conventional commonplace. Then, with something approaching feeling, murmured:

"What a pity you didn't find that reef a year ago!"

"I hadn't the opportunity. Mr. Boggis was not my employer then." He tried to throw some bitterness into the answer. Seeing she perceived his intent, he hurriedly added:

"Opportunity is the keystone to all success. It's a man's duty to seize it whenever it presents itself." Then he quoted, in mock stagey terms, "'There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Neglected—all their lives are laid in shallows and misfortunes.'"

. . . . . .

"I'm glad you have let Bruton stand in with those new claims," Mrs. Boggis remarked to her husband the next time he talked shop.

"Yes?" he answered vaguely.

She looked searchingly at him.

"Are they really registered partly in his name?"

Ben snorted irritably.

"You're very interested in Bruton's affairs. They're nothing to you."

"They are."

He glared a note of interrogation and a demand for explanation.

"I don't want to have him bringing an action against you for breach of contract," she answered meaningly.

Boggis stopped further discussion by an outburst of profanity, and there resulted another domestic disturbance *chez* Boggis.

Cecile stayed with her father a fortnight this time, and local Society prophesied that the next stay would be indefinite.

. . . . . .

Godfrey was reading a gossip's version of the latest upheaval in the Boggis *ménage*, when the husband rather unexpectedly turned up at the mine. He had evidently been drinking freely at the two or three store canteens he had passed on the road. The provocation was not bad business, but good. He oozed aggressive opulence and talked expansively and vulgarly of the great things financial he had done and would do. Godfrey never hated him so much. He felt the loathing contempt the refined, well-bred man ever must have for the swaggering, purse-proud vulgarian.

That day Boggis was more than usually offensive. He made a superfluous examination of books and accounts, criticising carpingly, and calling for documents and data with domineering insolence.

Godfrey cursed the fate which sent a severe thunderstorm rather earlier than usual that afternoon. It meant that the river would be in flood and impassable. He called his chief's attention to the gathering clouds, remarking, "You must stay here to-night."

Boggis turned upon him savagely.

"I must, must I? We'll see. Tell the Kaffir to saddle my pony."

Godfrey remonstrated. The rain meant business. The district was infamous for its sudden storms and dangerous rivers. There were two between the property and town. Godfrey emphasised these facts.

Boggis looked at his manager with a suspicious side glance.

"Want my company, eh? Didn't know you loved me so much. You won't have it. I'm going, if I swim both rivers. Go and look at the drift, and tell me how high it is."

Godfrey flushed, indignant at the insulting, masterful command, and framed a reply in kind, then wisely held it back. He went out on to the stoep, whence he had a view of the river, and saw that his warning was justified. The toffee-tinted torrent was boiling over the boulders. In ten minutes the stream at the drift would be saddle-high and running ten miles an hour.

He reported the result without returning to the room.

Boggis came out yelling for the Kaffir and his pony, and in five minutes was in the saddle.

He hesitated when he caught sight of the surge.

"I'll try it higher up," he said, and spurred and sjamboked the pony to a gallop down the stony incline to the drift.

At that moment a mad thought obsessed Godfrey. It took no coherent shape in words, but became a vivid objective vision.

He saw Boggis being rolled over in the brown, white-flecked waves, heard him shouting and blaspheming, saw his bloated body bumped and buffeted against the boulders. Then, a mile or so lower down the river, the dead body was lying in a sludgy mud-pool.

A woman rider on the high bank with one hand on the horse's quarter was leaning back regarding the body with repugnant, disgustful glance. Then she rode quickly away, a triumphant, gratified smile lighting her careworn face.

The momentary vision was dispelled by a shout from Boggis:

"Do you think I can do it?"

Instantly came the answer: "Certainly; take the lower side."

Godfrey knew he was urging the half-drunken, obstinate fool to certain death, but he could no more resist the impulse than he could check the sickening heart-thumps, the anxious, torturing expectancy with which he watched Boggis thrash the pony knee-deep into the cauldron. In two minutes the vision of a few moments before would be an actuality. The vulgar, brutal employer, the blackguard who had robbed him of Cecile, would be no more. She would be free from suffering—*he* would be——

What?—a murderer! Even worse! She would despise him when she knew the truth, because he would have proved that there was no difference between the men who desired her. Both had descended to unscrupulous meanness, even crime, to score over the other. Godfrey winced at the thought of her disdain.

The pony was standing knee-deep, refusing to advance into the torrent, despite the savage cuts of sjambok and lacerating spur thrusts.

Before he had quite realised what he was about, Godfrey rushed to the animal's head, and swung him round with a violent swerve that capsized the rider; then pulled the bridle over the pony's ears and, using it as a scourge, lashed the frightened animal till it scampered into the veld.

Boggis rose with the aid of a grinning Kaffir, and turned on his saviour with a tornado of adjectival abuse.

"You did that on purpose," he gasped, in one of the

(*Continued on page 234*)

In Suppliant Mood

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS CHRISSIE BELL

Who is now playing in "Havana" at the Gaiety

(Continued from page 232)

few intelligible sentences the choking blasphemy permitted. "I can see your game."

Godfrey kept calm. He pointed to the drift. "Go if you want to drown yourself."

The man became hysterical. He yelled and shrieked orders to the Kaffirs to capture the pony.

"I must be in town to-morrow!" he shouted. "The claims will be put up for sale, and you know it. You're keeping me away on purpose, you scoundrel!"

A horrible fear took possession of Godfrey at this strange allusion to the claims. Then the probable, actual facts presented themselves.

Boggis had repented of letting his manager share in the claims, and had treacherously practised a familiar old trick for freezing out undesirable partners. He had allowed the claims to lapse by non-payment of licence fees. They would now be declared derelict, put up for sale by the Mining Commissioner, and bought in by Boggis, who would re-register them in his own name, and Godfrey would be frozen out.

It is one of those games of bluff which sometimes come off. Boggis was chancing his arm on the reasonable presumption that a prospective purchaser would argue that claims not worth holding by a strong syndicate like that of Boggis and Brink were not worth anybody else's money. In the absence of bidders Boggis would buy back at his own price and save three months' licence fees.

Godfrey, regardless of the threats and abuse of the passion-torn Boggis, went to his room. A few minutes later the drunkard sobered sufficiently to realise that crossing the drift was an impossibility. He drank himself to sleep on Godfrey's bed with his host's liquor.

. . . . . .

"These British aristocrats soon pick up Afrikander slimness," the Claim Inspector remarked to his assistant as he gave instructions for the registration of certain claims.

"I'm told that young Bruton knew that Boggis was playing the freezing-out game and said nothing. He lured him out to the mine on pretence of having struck a reef, and made him drunk while his own agent attended the sale and bought in the claims. That young chap will get on."

That was the popular version of the incident which Godfrey found current when, in response to an urgent command from headquarters, he went into Johannesburg.

It was a type of smartness that appeals to Randites. The young Britisher had been hit hard in the matter of a woman; now he had got a bit of his own back in the way of a practical revenge, for by the acquisition of the new block of claims he held the most valuable interest in the Boggis-Brink Syndicate. The late servant had become master.

. . . . . .

The interview with Boggis was exciting. It was some time before Godfrey could grasp the gravamen of the charges against him till Boggis put the case with clearness and expletive force.

"You hypocritical scoundrel! You go about bragging that you saved my life, when you know your game was to keep me on the other side of the river while your agent bought in those claims."

The audacity of the indictment staggered and amazed the accused. He listened to the torrential abuse for a minute before he interposed.

"It's the silliest yarn ever invented on the Exchange."

"Do you mean to call me a liar?" Boggis thundered menacingly.

"I simply say that I have done nothing such as you suggest."

"Then you are an impudent liar, as well as thief. The whole of the new block of claims are registered in your name, and licence money has been paid for six months in advance."

It was over a sedative brandy and cigar at the hotel that Godfrey fully realised that he had accepted a cheque for three months' salary in lieu of notice, and had ceased servitude with Boggis and Brink.

He went to the office of the Mining Commissioner, and was amazed to find that part of the allegation of his late employer was correct. Godfrey Bruton was sole registered holder of certain claims surrendered by the B.B. Syndicate. The agent who had bought the claims declined to say from whom he received instructions.

When he got among the crowd of men outside the Exchange, Godfrey was nauseated by the congratulations he received, for Boggis was not loved.

"Smartest thing I've heard for some time. Didn't think you had it in you. You'll get on," said one broker.

Godfrey resisted the temptation to kick him. He had not been long enough on the Rand to appreciate its moral ethics.

To meet Cecile was now his one desire. She was away at Durban. There had been another violent quarrel, and someone hinted that the matter of the claims had something to do with it.

A month later they met. He told her the story of the scene at the drift, the charges made by her husband, and the rupture.

"You are now your own master, and have prospects," she suggested. "Also an opportunity."

"True, but at a price. I don't relish being regarded as a low-down blackguard who would do what I am not only suspected of, but complimented for doing."

"Yes, but you have that best of all earthly dignities—a calm and quiet conscience."

Cecile knew a little Shakespeare.

"Yes," he sighed, with something dangerously like smug satisfaction. "I saved his life—that is some consolation."

"If you had not pulled him back, would he really have been drowned?" She spoke quite indifferently.

"Undoubtedly. You would have been a widow by now."

She forced a laugh.

"And instead of calling you a hero they say you are a slim Afrikander!"

"They do. I don't want to be considered a hero, but I bar being thought a rascal."

She rose to leave the verandah, and, turning, patted him on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, Godfrey. You are not that. You are not keen enough at recognising and seizing opportunities to be a rascal."

DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

The Spread of "Capping"

Capping is an irritating business, and I am quite sure that not one of the various Hunts which have adopted the system during the past five or six years has done so without

Photo *Lafayette*

Mr. V. P. Misa

The new Master of the Southdown Hounds. He is well-known in racing as well as hunting circles

a considerable amount of regret. But what can these Hunts do? Their position can be briefly explained. Fields are increasing in size every year, thanks to the facilities for reaching distant meets which the railways and the motor-cars afford. Farmers complain that additional damage is caused by the enormous crowds. Hunt secretaries say that their annual subscription does not increase in proportion to the size of the fields. Something, therefore, must be done, either to place a check on the number of strangers, or to make all who enjoy sport contribute something towards the cost of it. That the financial element should enter so strongly into the grand old sport of fox-hunting is unfortunate; yet at the same time it is inevitable in these matter-of-fact days. Thus Hunt Committees have come to the conclusion that everyone who hunts, with certain reasonable exemptions, must be called upon to send in an annual subscription, or, failing that, to pay so much per diem for each day they go out. I can imagine few things more exasperating than to have paid one's "cap" of two sovereigns, and to follow with a wretched day's sport without a gallop worth speaking of; but that is a remote contingency in the grass countries, where the crowds are most in evidence. Anyhow, every Hunt would much prefer to receive a man's subscription, however small, than be under the necessity of capping him. In some instances the minimum subscription is rather stiff for a one-horse man, viz., as much as £25, but I have known cases where the Hunt has broken its own rule in this matter and accepted a humble

Photo *C. V. Hyam*

Mr. Humphrey Mackworth

The new Master of the Llangibby Hounds, a famous Welsh pack

"tenner" from those who they felt sure could not honestly afford more, yet were much too keen and good sportsmen to be deprived of their hunting altogether.

In the Fitzwilliam Country

I have been brought on to this much-discussed question of capping by the announcement that Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam's Hunt has decided to take this means of making its followers realise their financial obligations to the country. Hitherto the fine hunting provided by these hounds has been as free as the boundless winds to casual sportsmen. In future, all must pay. Those who are not residents in the country will be asked to contribute a subscription of £15 for hunting one day a week, or £20 for two days a week; failing this, a "cap" of £2 will be enforced. The minimum subscription, it will be seen, is not excessive. Taking the season through, it works out at about ten shillings for each day's hunting, which is assuredly cheap when compared with the cost of enjoying correspondingly good shooting or fishing.

Opening of the Season

Out of consideration for the farmers, Captain Frank Forester has postponed the opening meet of the Quorn Hounds at Kirby Gate until Monday next, November 9, a week later than usual. A similar postponement has been made in the Atherstone country and with one or two more packs in the Midland district. But, generally speaking, the season opened on the Monday or Tuesday of the present week, and though the country is still

Photo *Turner and Drinkwater*

Mr. Harry Whitworth

The new Master of the Holderness Hounds, who formerly hunted the Westmeath

very blind, that is a condition by no means unusual at this time of the year, and a few more frosty nights and good high winds will quickly bring the leaf down. Almost everywhere the reports tell of successful cub-hunting in spite of indifferent scent, and, on the whole, the supply of

Out With the Tiverton Hounds

foxes would seem to be above the average. In the Cheshire country hounds have been extraordinarily busy, having killed more than 100 brace of foxes up to the time of writing. The Earl of Huntingdon has been rather seedy during the last few weeks, but has returned to the field after a sojourn at Brighton, and hopes to be all right for the Atherstone opening meet on Monday; while even the Duke of Beaufort, broken leg and all, finds it hard to keep away from the covertside, and has been driven to the meets of his pack for several days past.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Winning Irish Spaniel: Mr. Wright's Kitty O'Connor

Successful working trials for Irish water spaniels were held recently at Mildenhall, Suffolk, under Kennel Club rules, at which the sagacity and usefulness of these dogs were well demonstrated

Three New Masters

In our Hunting Supplement the photographs were given of a number of Masters who have taken the leadership of hounds for the first time this season. We now add those of Mr. Harry Whitworth, Mr. V. P. Misa, and Mr. Humphrey Mackworth, new M.F.H.'s in Yorkshire, Sussex, and Wales respectively. The last two have not had the command of a hunting country before, but Mr. Harry Whitworth has been M.F.H. in Westmeath for several seasons, and was delighted with his experiences there. That he was very popular in Ireland is not surprising, as, apart from his personal qualities, Mr. Whitworth is a splendid horseman, and rides tip-top cattle. He has owned some smart steeplechasers, and ridden the winners of several of the best Irish cross-country events. He is a good polo player, not quite up to Recent Form List class, but a fine and clever hitter, who is always well mounted. Another particularly good horsemen is Mr. V. P. Misa, the new Master of the Southdown Hounds. I have seen him ride some capital finishes on the flat at Lewes and other meetings, and he wants some beating when hounds are running. The third of our new M.F.H.'s, Mr. Humphrey Mackworth, has taken the Llangibby country, so long associated with the late Mr. John Lawrence's name, and he is well qualified to uphold the traditions of that Welsh Hunt. A.W.C.

Photo] **Out With the Tiverton: A Difficult Bit of Country** [*Hatt*

On the Way to the Meet

Photo *H. E. Hatt*

THE TIVERTON HOUNDS, WITH THEIR HUNTSMAN

The Tiverton Hounds hunt a sporting bank country in Devonshire, and have been under the Mastership of Mr. Ludovic Unwin for seventeen seasons

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Piccadilly to Pall Mall." By Ralph Nevill and C. E. Jerningham. (Duckworth and Co.)

"The Climber." By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann: 6s.)

"The Conventionalists." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson: 6s.)

The Good Old Days Again

Ought one, I wonder, to be angry with the literary lamenter of the "good old days"? Between each of his savoury ancedotes he serves up hot correctives. He is ever making disparaging comparisons between the period in which he was pleased to be young and that in which he is displeased to be old. To him, there is no time like the past. No matter what the present is and does, it is the inferior of what the past was and did. On tenth thoughts, I think one should not be angry with him—with such writers, for instance, as the authors of *Piccadilly to Pall Mall* (Ralph Nevill and C. E. Jerningham), (Duckworth and Co.), whose pages abound with praise of the past at the expense of the present. If they lacked this pride in their own period, they would not write nearly so entertainingly about it. It is an immense asset to the art of description that you believe you describe something vanished or invisible. Mr. Nevill and Mr. Jerningham jointly conspire to think that London has lost a great deal in the process of expansion—particularly the West End of it. The vanishing of Victorian London is deplored; the motor and the taxi are arraigned as the assassins of leisure. They have swept the dandy, the lounger, the ogler out of Piccadilly. It is no longer usual to stroll; "hustle and hurry are the order of the day." There is an indictment of our dress, man's because it has become more lax, woman's because it has become more elaborate. The flat and hotel system of residence is accused of destroying home-life and hospitality. Incidentally, Society is considered *declassé* because of the worship of Mammon and latter-day Court propensities. Among other institutions placed in the dock of the authors' disapproval are the Music Halls, which are held to be less amusing and human than in the day of the Chairman and the *lion comique*. The licensing laws are held guilty of depriving the citizen of his freedom to enjoy what he likes, when, where, and to the quantity that he likes, and so on.

* * *

Who is the Modern Dandy?

Granted that this point of view makes for picturesque writing, its logic, if one has the logical habit, is, surely, open to challenge. To take as examples the lament that "the buck, the dandy, and the beau have long since had their day, and left no successors behind them," and the inference that, consequent on the closing of night clubs, dancing halls, music-hall lounges, and the police persecution of the *demi-mondaine*, "the more frivolous side of London life as it existed in the 'sixties has totally disappeared." Now, the dandy is the creature of his period. Who is to say that ours is without its own ridiculous product? The dandy of the past exaggerated extravagance; the dandy of our day is he who exaggerates reticence. You find him at the 'Varsity, in the studied *negligé* of the loose jacket, the upturned grey flannels, the drooping sock and the undone bootlace; or, on the road, in the exaggerated ugliness of goggles and ——. The dandy of yesterday was tight in his clothes and loose in his morals; he of to-day has merely reversed the order, that is all.

Photo *Bassano*

Mr. C. E. Jerningham

The joint-author with Mr. Raph Nevill of "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," reviewed on this page. This is the "latest" photograph of the brilliant Marmaduke of *Truth*, though, of course, taken several years ago

* * *

Blind Critics

Just as the old *beaux* had their imitators in the City clerk, the "la-di-da," the "crutch and toothpick brigade," so have our own exemplars of reticence. We have our own substitute for the masher in the bounder; brainless vanity flourishes as well beneath the bowler as beneath the stovepipe. A sock can sing as loudly as a stocking, a collar as a cravat; and are Messrs. Nevill and Jerningham entirely blind to such evidences of the sartorial conscience as the waistcoats that are with us? As to our morals, let our lamenters reassure themselves. The County Council has *not* made us all irrevocably good. The swift motor bears us, it is true, away from the Burlington Arcade and the Quadrant, but it carries the man—and the woman—with it. The area of transgression is widened, that is all. As to the other follies, we do not, it is true, play much baccarat in clubs by night, but we get through a deal of Bridge; and the popularity of our race-meetings is, in the present reign, desolating and highly ruinous. The dancing saloon has gone; but there are balls at Covent Garden. Cremorne is closed; but there is, one reads somewhere, a White City of boundless possibilities. The charge that gaiety has gone is not proven. People who amuse each other continue to find each other to-day, as they did yesterday and will to-morrow.

New Novels by the Brothers Benson

As usual, Mr. E. F. Benson gives his readers a full feast in his new novel, *The Climber* (Heinemann: 6*s.*). I have not counted the words carefully, but there must be millions of them in this story—several tens of thousands more, perhaps, than the plot warrants—but then, Mr. Benson's words are such well-chosen and graceful ones that few will be found to object to his exuberance. The "Climber" is feminine. We meet her residing with a quaint aunt in a nice cottage, and we find her full of social ambition. When the young man who is heir to a title turns up, Lucia, the girl in question, readily pockets any principles she may have about marrying for love, and makes violent tracks for him. They marry and settle down at his country house in South Devon (after he has come into the title). At this period we have some graceful and refined fun. Lucia's aunt is introduced into the charmed circle, and her attempts to adapt herself thereto are exceedingly amusing, though their result reflects somewhat severely on the snobbishness of the circle, and of the heroine herself. It is sad that the old lady's efforts to be smart should be made the object of ridicule by the girl whom she has protected in humbler days. After this, the novel develops the expected problem. Lucia discovers, at last, in Charlie, the husband of her friend Maud, somebody she really does love, and there is flirtation, which culminates in her dramatic discovery by her angry husband. After the divorce, the novel closes, leaving Lucia at home with the despised aunt again, waiting Charlie's decision as to which he shall take and which he shall leave, herself or his wife—a riddle which the book leaves gracefully unsolved.

* * *

"The Conventionalists"

Mr. Robert Hugh Benson's latest novel, *The Conventionalists* (Hutchinson: 6*s.*), is a book no one should miss. His line of thought in respect of the finely drawn character of of his hero, Algy Bannister, if carried to its logical conclusion, accounts for many of the failures in life. He insists strongly that there is such a thing as a definite vocation for everyone, whether it be religious or otherwise, and shows how it is often thwarted by little incidents. Algy Bannister, the second son of a country Squire, passes through his 'Varsity life at Cambridge in a very ordinary way, and returns to the paternal roof. He is of a silent and meditative disposition, and the humdrum of his home-life bores him terribly. His elder brother dies, he becomes heir to the estates, and the scene at his home at this particular time causes him acute anguish of mind, but he does not yet know the cause or the remedy—all is blank. After a great struggle, he becomes convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith, and later enters the Carthusian Monastery of S. Hugh, in Sussex. The strongest episode is that arranged by Lady Brasted, the plotting Society lady, for Algy to meet his old friend, Mary Maple. It is a love scene indeed, strong and passionate, but the hero passes through it unshaken and determined to be true to what he believes to be his vocation. There is no denying the strength and sincerity of the book—indeed, it is more than a novel—it makes one think, and that seriously.

* * * V. C.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne

Who, his many friends will be sorry to hear, is now ill in New York

Mr. J. J. Bell's Latest

The number of stories and plays which hang on words which are never uttered is endless. Paradoxical as is this remark, novel-readers and playgoers will readily appreciate it, for the complications ensuing upon a misunderstanding which three words of explanation would have rectified is probably the most familiar of the well-worn plot-patterns. This, however, is the greatest fault one can find with Mr. J. J. Bell's latest, *Whither Thou Goest* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*). The thin thread upon which the story hangs is the battle of money and love. Ruth Lennox, the daughter of a Scotch professor, finds herself, on her father's death, an heiress with £9,000 a year. Having his first thoughts turned to her because of her riches, which would save his firm from ruin, Dick Balmain really falls in love with the girl, and she with him, but on hearing, through the calculating mischief-making intrigue of her aunt, Mrs. Lyon, a repulsive but excellently drawn character, of the first impulse for Dick's attraction to her, and also of a calf-love affair between Dick and her cousin Sophy, she breaks off the match. It is, of course, in this connection that a few words of explanation would put things right; but, naturally, had they been uttered there would have been no more story to tell, and so, while regretting this incomprehensible omission, we follow Ruth through her subsequent years of misunderstanding, in which she plays the good Samaritan with her fortune, till the lovers are brought together, and they live happily ever after. It is a problem story of a highly respectable nature.

* * *

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne

After a long silence, I am sorry to hear Mr. Le Gallienne's name in connection with his being ill, and in a nursing home in New York. The photograph here shown must have been taken about ten years ago, when his verses and novels, journalism and lectures—and his personality—had made him greatly talked of. Every half-fledged 'Varsity prig had a fling at the author of the *Quest of the Golden Girl*, and every professional humorist of the Press found him a sure and popular mark for his little shaft of wit. For a season this advertisement was immense. Some thought him foolish, ill-bred, and egotistical; possibly they were right, but he is also an often-inspired poet, and therefore beloved by the only people who matter.

GOLF. By ERNEST LEHMANN

The Vardon-Ray Mayo-Duncan Match

The challenge thrown out by Tom Vardon and Ray to all and sundry soon found accepters in the persons of Mayo and Duncan. The original date fixed for the match was Friday and Saturday of last week, but an unhappy encounter between Ray's thumb and the jaws of a dog has necessitated a postponement till the same days of this week. This affords me the opportunity of considering the various aspects of this interesting match and preparing my readers for it. After some discussion among the principals, the links of the Cinque Ports Club, at Deal, and of the Prince's Club, at Sandwich, have been chosen as the scene of action. The first thirty-six holes will be played, *pace* further dog encounters, on the 6th inst. at Deal, and the concluding thirty-six holes at Prince's, Sandwich, on the 7th inst. Tom Vardon and Ray have played as partners on two occasions in the Professional International match. On the first occasion, at Prestwick in 1903, they were defeated by Jack White and J. Kinnell by two and one, while at Muirfield, in 1906, they defeated Jack White and Robert Thomson by two and one. These are the only two occasions, so far as I know, on which the challengers have appeared in public as partners. Still, these two matches must have given them some insight into their powers of combination.

Viscount Newport, the President of the Castle Bromwich Golf Club

Who opened the new club-house last week

Comparative Merits

They are not, therefore, the untried couple that some writers imagine them to be. We may be fairly confident that unless they had perfect faith in their adaptability for running together in double harness they would not have issued such a daring challenge. Tom Vardon's powers as a player are so well known that it is unnecessary to descant at length on them. So far, his best performance was when he finished second to his brother in the Open Championship at Prestwick in 1903. His style is not a pretty one, but there is no denying its power or effectiveness in all departments. He is a very determined and cool player, and should make an ideal partner for the impetuous Ray. The latter has been a constantly improving quantity during all these last few years. He played some fine rounds in the Open Championship this year, and showed splendid form in the *News of the World* Tournament, giving Taylor, the ultimate winner, one of his stiffest matches. Provided that his thumb has entirely recovered, we shall undoubtedly see some magnificent shots from this mighty hitter at Deal and Sandwich.

A Match Worth Seeing

Duncan and Mayo are known to the public as partners by their match with Braid and Harry Vardon, a match which may be taken as their teething stage as

Photos *Whitlock*

On the Eighteenth Green of the Castle Bromwich Golf Club's Course

The opening of the new club-house of the Castle Bromwich Golf Club was the occasion of a medal match, and a foursome between the President's team and the Captain's team, the latter being defeated by 8 points to 6

The Disease of Corpulence

The Only Permanent Cure. **A Marvellously Successful Treatment.**

There is a vast difference between the plumpness which gives such a cheery, healthful appearance to many persons and the burdensome condition of overfatness to which that plumpness not seldom insidiously leads. To those who value health and beauty there is nothing of greater importance than to guard against the rapid transition from plumpness to pronounced corpulence, a condition which is now recognised as a serious disease—one, in fact, which is a prolific source of painful and dangerous complications, such as fatty degeneration of the heart, the liver, and the kidneys. Obesity, like all other diseases, is most serious when neglected, for then it assumes a more or less chronic character. The distressing malady is more easily dealt with in its earlier stages, not by starving and drugging and exhausting gymnastics, but by the famous Antipon treatment, which not only eliminates all the superfluous and diseased fatty matter, but also eradicates the tendency (whether constitutional or otherwise) to take on an undue burden of flesh, without apparent cause, in the majority of cases; for persons who develop the tendency to get very fat are, as often as not, quite moderate eaters. The sparing, innutritious diet frequently recommended to these sufferers cannot possibly cure the disease of corpulence, though it will weaken them into thinness until Nature can no longer stand the debilitating *régime*, vitality being at a low ebb. Then, of course, with the necessary nourishment the fatty excess returns. Drugging is only an added danger; it cannot radically cure the disease, and it is not sufficiently known that the drugs usually employed are dangerous mineral compounds.

* * *

The Antipon treatment has combated these cruel methods of temporary fat-reduction tooth and nail. No disease was ever yet cured by loss of strength and vitality, the disease of corpulence least of all. The Antipon treatment builds up strength and brings back robust health as fast as it reduces weight by expelling all the superfluity of fatty matter. It does this great and necessary work by the help of nutritious food in plenty, without any irksome dietary rules to follow. Antipon, a refreshing tartish liquid, containing only vegetable substances of the most harmless character, possesses splendid tonic properties especially valuable for their beneficial effect on the digestive system. The follower of the Antipon treatment eats well and digests well, however defective his appetite and digestion may have been prior to his taking Antipon. Now, it stands to reason that this generous feeding-up process, whilst doing a world of good in restoring health and vigour, cannot retard the decrease of weight, which goes on all the time, simply because the tendency to abnormal fat-formation is gradually subdued, and finally conquered for good. Here, indeed, is a true scientific remedy for the permanent cure of obesity, a remedy which has met with unparalleled success all over the world, and elicited hundreds of letters of gratitude from men and women of every rank. The discoverers of Antipon early recognised that true beauty and symmetry were not to be recovered without restoring vitality and strength. It is this great achievement which has made the Antipon treatment so successful and so widely appreciated.

* * *

The good effects of Antipon are not tardy in showing themselves. Within a day and a night something between 8oz. and 3lb. is taken off, and there is usually an unwonted feeling of lightness, together with a welcome keenness of appetite, and improvement in health, strength, and beauty leaves nothing to be desired. Antipon never has the least unpleasant after-effect, and may be taken at any hour, even at the table with a mineral water.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price *2s. 6d.* and *4s. 6d.*, by chemists, stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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(Rev.) S. S.—Antipon possesses the peculiar power of over-mastering the chronic tendency to develop fatty matter to excess. Hence the permanency of its remarkable cures of obesity.

MARGOT.—Do not do yourself serious harm by drugging and starving in order to keep down your weight. Antipon alone will take off the superfluous flesh, and at the same time remove the exasperating tendency to put on flesh to excess. Try a bottle or two of this splendid preparation.

DESESPOIR.—No need to despair at all. Your good figure will return soon enough after a few bottles of Antipon.

AMELIA.—The difficult breathing you experience is a serious symptom. You must reduce your weight considerably by the real tonic fat-eliminating process—namely, the Antipon treatment. It will improve you in every way—in health, strength, and figure. Chemists sell Antipon at *2s. 6d.* and *4s. 6d.* a bottle.

foursome players. They put up a good fight against their more experienced antagonists, and as both of them have improved as players since then, they should prove a most formidable combination. Just as Tom Vardon is the steadying force on his side so Mayo is on his. He has come on as a player by leaps and bounds, and gave Harry Vardon a rare doing at Richmond. Duncan, although much fancied, did not come off at Prestwick this year, but since then he has defeated some of the best of the triumvirate in single encounters. It will be a great sight to watch Duncan and Ray lash out against each other; they are both abnormally long hitters, and play in the same sort of dashing and apparently careless style. Of the two courses chosen, Deal is known by nearly all players. Prince's, Sandwich, is to most of us still *terra incognita*, and it will be most interesting to see what the alterations and improvements have made of it. By all accounts, it is, like Deal, a magnificent and trying test of golf. Both courses, after a lovely October, ought to be in tip-top condition. Personally, as a constant lover of foursome play, I look forward to a great treat, and advise all my readers who can spare the time not to miss seeing this strenuous encounter between four admirable sportsmen and splendid players.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Olympic Fiasco

At the Stadium last week the coping-stone was put on the series of fiascos which the too comprehensive nature of the Olympic programme necessarily entailed. There were a number of games included in that programme which (as I have already pointed out) were not wanted either by those who were likely to take part in them, or by the sight-seeing public; and the Olympic Rugger competition was one of them. For this event France, the only Continental nation which plays Rugger, entered, but ultimately withdrew, so that the competition resolved itself into a duel between the Australians who are touring over here this season and England—or, to put it more correctly, an English team. For the Rugby Union, either because they refused to take the thing seriously, or because they did not wish to anticipate, or in any way detract from the interest of, the International match between England and Australia, which they have arranged to hold under their own auspices in January next, did not select a representative team of England for last week's encounter at all, but simply appointed Cornwall, the champion county of last year, to do duty for England. And as Cornwall were decisively beaten by the Australians at Camborne about a month ago, they were, to all intents and purposes, riding for a fall. The fall duly came off, and there were naturally only about 2,000 people to witness it, while, as further evidence of the slackness with which the whole thing was managed, there were no official programmes.

The Natural Result

As for the match itself, it was too hopelessly one-sided to call for much comment. The Australians, contrary to what was expected, overcame the difficulties of a soft ground (almost bare of turf in places) and a slippery ball with skill, and played a really strong game. They are not a talented team, but they are keen, speedy, and enterprising, and don't mind taking risks when the state of affairs justifies it, while the alterations which they made in the team since its narrow victory over London on the previous Saturday undoubtedly improved the combination of the backs, whose work was always sound and often positively brilliant. The forwards scrummaged well, and were always on the ball, though not good with their feet in the loose. This was the only department of the game (excepting, perhaps, touch-finding) in which Cornwall held their own.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The English Lawn Tennis Team leaving for South Africa

Left to right: Mr. G. W. Hillyard, captain of the team; Mr. R. F. Doherty, Dr. W. V. Eaves, and Mr. L. H. Escombe, who is taking C. H. L. Cazalet's place

LAWN TENNIS

The South African Tour

The day for spreading the gospel of lawn tennis in foreign parts is, perhaps, gone by; but that is no reason why the four members of the All-England Club who set sail for South Africa on Saturday week should not have a very good time, and, though meeting players of the type of H. A. Kitson, V. Gauntlett, and the Rev. J. Richardson, to say nothing of other local men known here only by repute, be more successful than the late expedition to America in search of the lost honours of the Davis Cup. G. W. Hillyard will captain the side, and R. F. Doherty, W. V. Eaves, and L. H. Escombe will complete it. The last-named comes in in place of C. H. L. Cazalet, who had to give up going at the last moment, and I happen to know that it would not have needed an ounce of persuasion to replace him by H. L. Doherty. However, this was not administered, and "Laurie" will doubtless continue his golfing career. Golf clubs, by the way, formed part of the team's luggage, and they will be pretty sure to test the courses as well as the courts at Port Elizabeth, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, and Cape Town, where their tennis tour ends in January.

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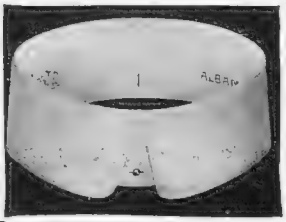

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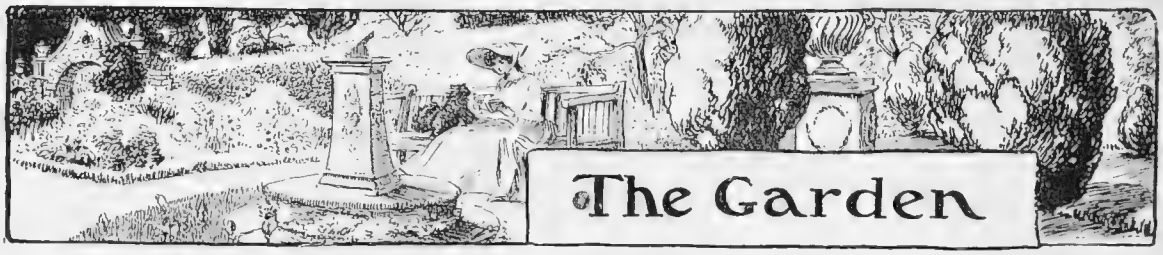

The Beauty of Water-Lilies

Although in comparison with other countries our native flora is poor in water-lilies—there are only two English species—it is not difficult to grow many of these beautiful plants in a pond or a stream, or even in a tub sunk in the open ground. A few have long been fairly common in gardens, but they are far surpassed by the wonderful race of hybrids raised by M. Marliac. The flowers are of almost every imaginable colour, and while some attain a considerable size, others, such as Nymphœa pygmœa and its varieties, are quite small, so it is easy to make a selection suitable for different positions. In the case of a pond, the simplest and safest method is to plant the lilies in a wicker basket containing loam and leaf-mould, and then to sink it to the bottom. If there is any danger of its moving it may be secured by means of three stakes driven in around it. Of course, the basket will decay, but before it breaks up the lilies will be firmly rooted to the bottom. It should be remembered, however, that they rarely thrive in stagnant water. Though a rapid current is not desirable, for it would wash away the soil from the roots, there should be some movement, so as to ensure that the same body of water does not perpetually surround the plants. It is as bad for them as the same atmosphere is for ourselves. In a tub this may be managed by sinking near the top of the rockery leading to it a pipe from the main, and providing an escape-pipe. If desired, the water may flow away through a succession of tubs, placed one below the other. No great amount of water is necessary; a slight trickle is quite enough.

Two Aspects of Messrs. Eckford's Exhibit at the Olympia Ideal Home Exhibition

Though, of course, Messrs. Eckford's name is most closely associated with sweet pea culture, yet that the firm by no means confines its activities to the cultivation of this flower was proved at the recent Ideal Home Exhibition, where they had a magnificent display of chrysanthemums, carnations, geraniums, ferns, etc.

The Storage of Seeds

In most gardens the seeds of some plants are saved for sowing the following spring, and are stored in a drawer or some other receptacle where frost cannot reach them. One essential is that they should be kept dry. If they are damp they either decay or else germinate prematurely, and in consequence die. Darkness also seems an important condition. Instances have been given of seeds which, having apparently lain dormant deep in the ground for almost incredible periods, began to grow as soon as they were brought to the surface or the light was let in upon them. It must be remembered, however, that the ordinary method of saving and storing seeds is entirely artificial, and where it is opposed to natural conditions it must be open to suspicion. Alpine plants may be taken as an example. The winter where they naturally grow is excessively cold, and the seeds, with the exception of the few that germinate at once, must be exposed to extreme frost. Yet, far from having them injured, they start into growth in spring far more rapidly than those that have been artificially stored. There are certainly some North American seeds which will lie dormant for years unless they have been frozen, and it seems probable that Alpines would benefit by the same treatment.

H. C. Davidson.

Messrs. Daniels Brothers, Ltd., the well-known Norwich firm, have just issued their annual catalogue of bulbs, roses, fruit trees, and hardy plants. The cultural directions which it contains are clear and concise, and should prove useful. The best of the new roses will be found here — for example, Queen of Spain, William Shean, Joseph Lowe, and many others. The greater part of the catalogue is devoted to bulbs, and the prices at which they are offered are very reasonable.

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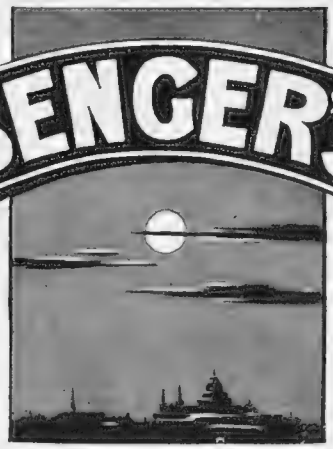

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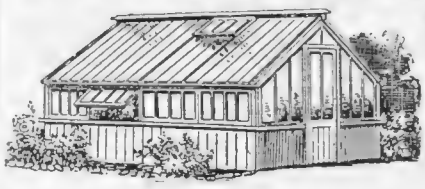
HORTICULTURAL REQUISITES.

GAMAGES



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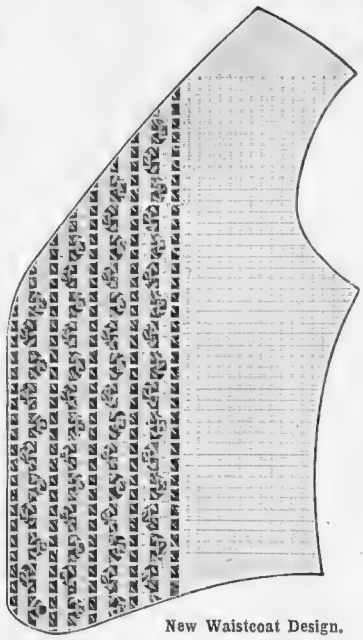

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Worked Patterns sent on approval.

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

What to Wear

As the proverbial fickleness of our climate is very much in evidence at the time of writing, it may not be out of place to refer briefly to the subject of adequate clothing for the motorist. In the old days of travel by stage-coach and post-chaise, our ancestors were wont to enwrap themselves in voluminous shawls and heavy coats, which to-day would be regarded as distinctly provincial, to say the least. With the advent of the modern motor-car two outstanding reasons for carefulness in the matter of clothing have arisen. First, the frequency of rapid passage through the air, which necessitates proper protection against atmospheric assault, and, secondly, the alterations of weather conditions which are frequently encountered in the course of a day's tour. A medical friend, who is an enthusiastic automobilist, has been giving me the benefit of his observations and experiments, which are highly interesting. He is a strong advocate of the virtues of pure woollen garments. Linen and cotton as underclothing have, he says, the effect of driving one's blood from the skin, and, as a result, damp linen or cotton strike with severe chilliness, to the destruction of comfort and to the advantage of the efforts of ever-active microbes and baccilli. Wool, on the other hand, has the effect of attracting the blood to the skin, and even when damp proves less deleterious. Another advantage claimed for the product of the harmless necessary sheep is the readiness with which air permeates woollen fabrics and the facility it affords for the exhalation of perspiration. Leather and india-rubber, my friend admits, have their uses, while even the application of a sheet of brown paper across the chest has been known to prove highly advantageous, but the habitual use of complete leather suitings is strongly deprecated, while pluie or umbrella coats should be worn over ordinary overcoats and discarded as soon as the rain ceases. Wettings, adds my informant, do not induce colds unless the subject is exposed to a very low temperature and suffers loss of vitality, when the white corpuscles of the blood become enfeebled and render the patient an easy prey to the attacks of the ubiquitous microbe.

Will he Apply for a Driver's Licence?

Mr. W. L. Stewart's eighteen-months-old son learning to drive his father's 30 h.-p. Lancia

* * *

Olympia Exhibition

The King and the Prince of Wales have graciously extended their patronage to the seventh annual exhibition of motor vehicles organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, which will be opened on November 13. An inaugural dinner is to be given at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Métropole, on the evening of Wednesday, November 11. On that day THE BYSTANDER will contain a special supplement dealing in a very full and comprehensive manner with the principal features of interest and the more prominent novelties which will be on view during the eight days the exhibition remains open.

* * *

Encyclopædia of Motoring

From Mr. R. J. Mecredy, the genial and gifted editor of the *Motor News*, I have received the third edition of "The Encyclopædia of Motoring," published by Messrs. Mecredy, Percy and Co., of 34, Lower Abbey Street, Dublin. Most motorists are familiar with this indispensable work, which has been compiled by experts not only thoroughly conversant with every minute detail of motor-car construction, but possessed of the happy faculty of expounding their knowledge in the most clear and simple manner. The new edition has been greatly enlarged and brought right up to date, and to those motorists who take a personal pride and pleasure in their cars it must prove invaluable, while the beginner and the expert alike will find it a veritable *vade mecum*, which should have its place in the pocket of every car in the country.

* * *

Odourless Petrol

By the courtesy of the Wolseley-Siddeley Company a demonstration was given last Thursday of the elimination of smoke vapour and smell consequent

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¶ In the next issue of this journal a few reasons will be given for

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upon the treatment of petrol with a chemical preparation which is to be known to fame as N.U. spirit. A large number of gentlemen, including members of the Motor Nuisance Abatement Committee, were keenly interested in the proceedings, which made it perfectly clear that the objectionable features arising from imperfect combustion and excessive lubrication can be entirely obviated by the use of the N.U. treatment. At the Wolseley-Siddeley depôt I was shown also a really excellent hose nozzle, the invention of Mr. Harding, of that firm, which I highly commend to all fellow-motorists for use in the car-house. The nozzle is fitted with a most ingenious device by means of which the flow of water can be regulated by digital pressure, and entirely stopped when the pressure is removed. This, of course, enables one to effect a great saving in water, and should prove particularly useful in country-house garages and places where economy in water for washing the car and other purposes is a consideration. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

Now that the *Enchantress* has been moved to her winter berth in the Hamble River, members of the Motor Yacht Club should note the resulting change in the Club address. For letters or telegrams, "Enchantress, Bursledon," will suffice. The ship, of course, is no longer connected up to the telephone, and for the present there may occasionally be a delay of an hour or two in the delivery of telegrams. The nearest station is now Bursledon instead of Netley, and members arriving by train should inquire at the station the way to the landing-stage, from which the ship can be reached by boat in about a quarter of an hour. The Club boatman at the landing-stage is named Wiltshire, but members can be met by one of the ship's boats if previous notice has been given to the Secretary. Those who have visited the ship in her new quarters have expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the delightfully sheltered berth selected, and it is intended to organise several house dinners on board during the winter months.

Mr. H. O. Mack has again presented a number of enlarged aeroplane photographs to the Motor Club, which now possesses one of the most interesting and valuable collections of this kind in England.

Mr. Charles Jarrott will take the chair at the Motor Club's first house dinner of the season, to be given on Wednesday, November 18. Applications for tickets are coming in very rapidly, and as the concert is to be held in the dining-room, only a limited number of seats will be available. Members wishing to be present should, therefore, communicate with the Secretary without delay.

The CLAUDEL-HOBSON Carburettor has received the Highest Award Gold Medal from the Automobile Club of France for Carburettor competition.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., are Sole Concessionnaires.

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OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW.

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for November 11 will contain a

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dealing fully with the

EXHIBITS AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

Price SIXPENCE, as usual.

The Low Pressure

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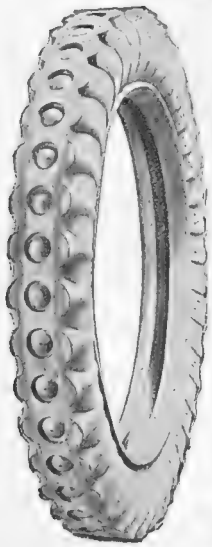

prevents axle troubles; increases the life of the engine; saves wear of the transmission system; in addition to which it does not easily puncture; will not slip, cannot rip.

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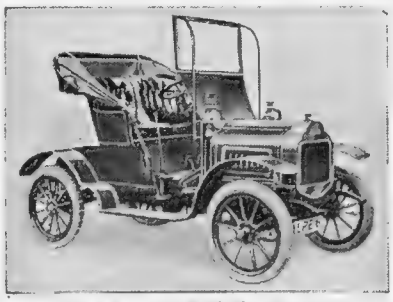

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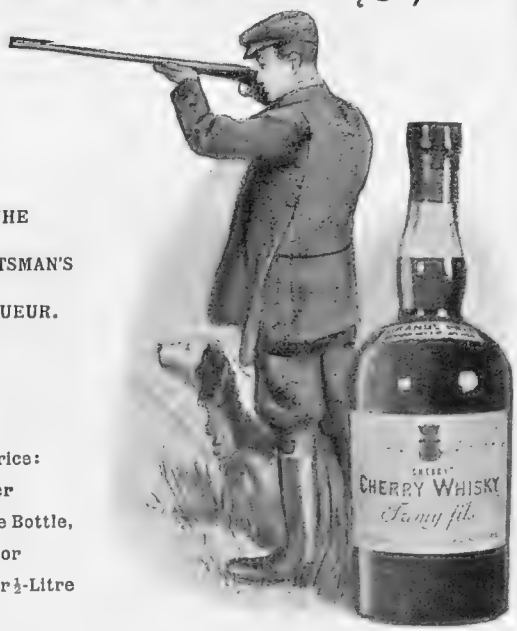

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RACING NOTIONS

THE KING'S RACING PLANS. By CARBINE

A Change Decided On

This paper was the first to announce that a change in the King's racing arrangements was contemplated, and though the alterations do not take the shape that it was originally rumoured they would do, we find that they mean the abandonment of Egerton House as the Royal training stables. Richard Marsh, who has always found so firm and unswerving a patron in his Majesty, will relinquish much of the heavy work which is involved by his big stable of horses at Egerton House, and will resume on a smaller scale as private trainer to the King and Mr. Arthur James. Grafton House, which is associated with the memory of that racing philanthropist, the late Baron Hirsch, is to be practically rebuilt and brought completely up to date. There Marsh will take up his quarters, and every racegoer will hope that the change will bring good luck to the Royal colours.

A Year of Surprises

In a year which has seen the amazing success of Signorinetta in the Derby we ought to be prepared for anything. Whatever may be in store for us during the remaining few weeks of racing we shall always remember 1908 as the blackest year of modern times for those who have endeavoured to find the winners of the big races. It was an ominous start when Kaffir Chief, with very few people on him, cantered away with the Lincolnshire Handicap, and in the same week Rubio left everyone aghast and knocked all past form into the proverbial cocked-hat by winning the Grand National at 66 to 1. That was only the beginning. The agony was to be piled on very severely later. Norman III. was to cause consternation by upsetting a red-hot favourite in Perrier for the Two Thousand Guineas, while in the One Thousand another outsider in Rhodora rolled home, leaving the strongly supported Lesbia down the course. "Still they come" was the melancholy cry when St. Wolf took the Newmarket Stakes at 25 to 1, and Signorinetta's staggering Derby was the last straw which gave the poor old camel, in the shape of the British public, the hump! After that the succession of victorious outsiders has been regarded with as much resignation as disappointed backers can command, and the triumph of Marcovil in the Cambridgeshire at 50 to 1 was accepted as another trial of our Job-like patience.

Fifty to One!

Readers of THE BYSTANDER will not have been altogether surprised by the victory of Marcovil, as I wrote in these pages last week as follows:—"There is a whisper that Marcovil is coming back to his best form, which I happen to know was pretty good before he went amiss." Well, I am afraid it is not much use recalling that remark now, for I was not sufficiently confident about an animal who had been on the shelf for eighteen months to put his name in black type. Those who read the notes I wrote after the Jubilee Stakes last year may remember how highly I spoke of Marcovil, for I was in a position to know that but for a mishap in the race he, and not Polar Star, would have won that great handicap. However, what could one say now of a horse who had the reputation of being half a cripple, and whose trainer had been obliged to treat him with tender care in his gallops for fear of another breakdown? Marcovil struck the experts as being soft in condition last week, but he raced like a lion in the last furlong, fairly hunted Land League out of it, and showed that there was nothing much wrong with him constitutionally. Those who followed my advice and backed Succour for a place will have saved their money on an otherwise disastrous race.

The Liverpool Cup

The racing man's next puzzle is to spot the winner of the Liverpool Autumn Cup, to be run on Friday, and the task in front of him is not an easy one, as there are at least half a dozen runners with strong claims for consideration, with always the prospect of another agonising turn-up. I think Norman III. is put out of it by his penalty, but Roseate Dawn, with 8st. 8lb., looks attractive, and I have known the day when the old horse would easily have won under this weight. Hayden has performed very consistently, and Menu's form will also bear close scrutiny. Mr. Joel's filly took this race last year at outside odds, and I should recommend her as being likely to go very near to repeating that performance. The chief danger to her will probably be Eaton Lad, who is nicely weighted, and on his form in Weathercock's race last week should be worth supporting each way. Silent Lady, Altitude, and St. Savin will doubtless all have their share of friends, while Lady de Bathe's horses are doing so well that many will back Alspice II. in the hope of a repetition of the Yentoi triumph. Thus it will be seen that the race is exceedingly open. My selection is **Menu**, with **Eaton Lad** as the best thing "both ways."

"Both Ways"

The last expression reminds me of the story which was told of a lady who, acting on the advice of a friend, backed a certain horse "both ways." She was delighted when the animal finished absolutely last, and, on being asked for the reason of her satisfaction, replied in all innocence: "Well, doesn't both ways mean your horse being either first or last?"

Other Liverpool Events

All round the Liverpool Meeting this week promises to be exceedingly good, and the fact that several important steeplechases are to be run gives the programme additional interest on the eve of the jumping season. Mr. G. C. Assheton-Smith, who now has a remarkable stable of jumpers, looks likely to win the Grand Sefton Steeplechase with one of the three brilliant horses which he has entered, Springbok being the most likely opponent to cause trouble. For the Knowsley Nursery on Wednesday, I fancy Lord Carnarvon's selected, especially if it should be **Mustapha**, while I am prepared to see the same owner win the Liverpool Nursery on Saturday with **Torbay**.

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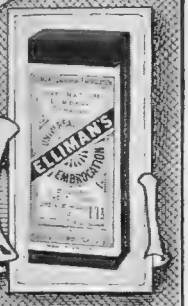

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READ THE "DAILY GRAPHIC"

FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The chief sartorial effort in life at the moment seems to be the achievement of an extremely flat back below the waist, wherever that debatable line is placed. *Sans* hips, *sans* bustle, *sans* everything that makes for graceful undulation, we are verily a community of swaying saplings. To this edict, tailors as well as modistes have succumbed, the former proclaiming themselves immensely concerned over the manipulation of a basque to the approved long coat, usually an applied affair, ostensibly held in position by clusters of buttons.

Viewed squarely from the back, the eye is not displeased by that flat *arrière* aspect, whereas taken *en profile* there is frequently an utter lack of grace, the hips, even in their suppressed condition, forming a prominence by comparison with the sunken back. Pondering these vagaries, one is seriously led to wondering whether *La Mode* is not, peradventure, fooling with us, testing our powers of gullibility, and having got us to straining point, will make a *volte face*, and enjoy a laugh at our expense.

Meanwhile, the oftentime valuable male testimony as to what constitutes elegance is waved away with scorn. Woman is entirely emancipated where dress is concerned, and with few exceptions entirely indifferent as to whether she courts approval or the reverse at the hands of her men appendages. And men, taken *en bloc*, are securing much amusement at our expense. Although it may be noted with significance that they do not carry their disapproval into the realms of evening toilettes, and thereby verify, what was prophesied in these columns months ago, that the picturesque revivals of the eighteenth century are essentially and exclusively for evening wear under latter-day exigencies.

A Princesse Walking Gown

In fine navy twill, trimmed with black braid, satin buttons, and a folded sash of black satin

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Shadow Chemisettes

Slowly but very surely have these been coming to the front, although their success seemed inevitable from the first to those of trained, fastidious eye. To the necessarily economical majority, however, this covering up of one good thing with another has a savouring of extravagance, and, on the whole, it will be well to bolster up that impression. But as they stand, the shadow chemisettes are a fine inspiration, and a most welcome relief from their lingerie prototypes.

From the initial essay of veiling an all over ivory lace with fine-tucked chiffon toned to the colour of the gown, there has grown the veiling of one chiffon with another, the under trimmed with ivory lace. And yet a further step is the shadow corsage, the slight incidental matter that is now all that is exacted by the high-waist skirt. A beautiful model submitted to me recently was carried out in chartreuse green cashmere *de soie*, the skirt of this fabric manœuvred with a novel panel front that was met by a charmingly shaped belt of satin. This latter is a little difficult to describe, but it formed so notable and attractive a feature the effort must be made. In front the effect was that of a large butterfly, the wings outspread and moulded closely to the figure, on which an embroidery was executed to enforce the impression. At the sides the depth was considerably diminished, merely to widen again at the back, the conclusion occurring at the left side in a single long-fringed sash-end. And above was worn one of those delicious shadow bodices, the upper layer of tucked chartreuse green chiffon, veiling a flat drapery of molé chiffon, this in its turn resting on a thin green silk foundation, outlined into a long square by a broad

The Bystander, November 4, 1908

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 257.—Vol. XX. Wednesday, November 4, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS **HAMPTON & SONS** AUCTIONEERS 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER. 50 ACRES.

HATFIELD AND ST. ALBANS (within easy drive of these interesting districts).—Unfurnished, a well-appointed HOUSE, situate in a

HIGH AND HEALTHY POSITION,

with gardens, and meadow-land of about 50 acres. 4 reception rooms of fine dimensions, billiard room (37ft. by 18ft.), conservatory, roomy offices, 9 best bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, and bath, 6 servants' rooms, also with bath, laundry, and numerous outbuildings. Stabling for 8. several cottages, and farmery. The

GROUNDS ARE BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED.

with wide spreading lawns, including one full-sized for croquet. Modern drainage. — Inspected by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

CLOSE TO SEA AND GOLF LINKS.

SUSSEX (beautiful Arundel district). — Furnished, for the winter, or longer, or Unfurnished, the above charming small RESIDENCE, fitted with all modern comforts, 10 minutes from Arundel Station. 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), hall with lavatory and cloak room, usual domestic offices. Dining room, with French windows to lawn.

FULL SIZE (LOUNGE) BILLIARD ROOM. Gas and main water. Small stabling. 2 good lawns (tennis and croquet), and pretty garden.

2 ACRES IN ALL,

including meadow. All in perfect order. Rent 5 gns. a week for winter months or offer. — Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

One of the most charming spots.

LOW RENT FOR THE SEASON.

MENTONE (300ft. above sea).—Charming VILLA surrounded by beautiful gardens with terrace walks, etc. Large hall, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

— Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ILLUSTRATED LIST

OF

COUNTRY ESTATES. RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS

For SALE and to be LET, published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

I. Landed Estates.
II. Unfurnished Houses for Sale or Letting.
III. Furnished Houses and Shootings.

Estate Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

ONLY £130 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED. or for SALE. this lovely old-world creeper-clad RESIDENCE, with mullioned windows, Norman arches, and pointed gables, reposing on an island in beautifully timbered grounds of 4 acres, surrounded by the Estate of some 34 acres. Dining, double drawing and smoking rooms, 2 staircases, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices. Stabling for 2. To those fond of boating, fishing, and perfect seclusion, this offers an exceptional opportunity.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, of 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., who from personal knowledge can strongly recommend this unique and beautiful Property.

A TRULY UNIQUE RESIDENCE.

FURNISHED FOR WINTER.

8 GNS. WEEKLY (OR OFFER).

HERTS BORDERS (30 minutes from Town, 1 mile G.C. station). — Modern RESIDENCE, in grand position. Entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 or more bedrooms, 2 baths, servants' hall. Company's water. Beautifully wooded grounds over 2 acres. Outbuildings. — HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

400ft. high. Gravel soil. Electric light. Telephone. Good golf.

£4,750, OR NEAR OFFER FOR QUICK SALE.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF BERKSHIRE, a mile from 2 stations.

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES IN THE MARKET.—This charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, complete with all modern comforts,

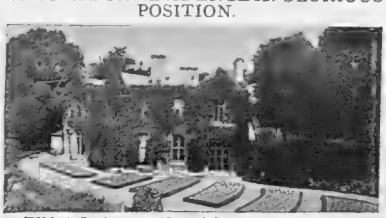
SURROUNDED BY GROUNDS OF 8 ACRES.

Lounge hall, fine oak drawing room, dining room and library, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, offices, with servants' hall. Stabling for 3. Coachman's accommodation.

MATURED AND WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS,

tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, etc. — Inspected and unhesitatingly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE IN GLORIOUS POSITION.



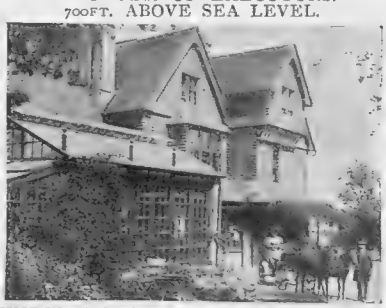
DEVON COAST.—Exquisite grounds of 6 acres and a beautiful old-fashioned stone-built RESIDENCE *for SALE at the low price of £4,500. The Residence occupies a high position, well away from the road,* and the well-arranged accommodation includes good hall, dining room (24ft. by 16ft.), handsome drawing room floored with parquet. conservatory, study, 10 bedrooms, 2 baths, servants' hall, etc.

COMPANY'S WATER AND ELECTRIC LIGHT

throughout. Stabling for 3, motor-house and garage. Grounds of quite an exceptional character, sloping lawns. rockeries with ornamental water, excellent kitchen garden, tennis lawns, conservatories, and 4 glasshouses.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.



UNDER A MILE FROM GOLF COURSE.

CROWBOROUGH.—£3,600 will secure the above extremely picturesque and well-appointed RESIDENCE, splendidly situate in the Highlands of Sussex, and commanding magnificent views. It is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 3 reception, conservatory, 14 bed and dressing rooms, large bath, and complete offices. Stabling for 5. Attractive pleasure grounds; terrace walk, tennis lawn, flower, fruit and vegetable gardens, and paddock, in all about 2¼ acres. More land can be had. Company's water. 1¼ miles from 2 stations.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR SOME OF THE LOVELIEST SCENERY IN SURREY.

£90 PER AN., UNFURNISHED.—CROYDON. A unique opportunity to acquire a "KATE GREENAWAY" RESIDENCE, specially built for owner's own occupation. High, open position on chalk. South aspect, delightful views of Purley Downs, 2 reception and 8 bedrooms, baths, excellent offices. Charming grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden. Near main line stations. Would be SOLD.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

QUAINT SURREY FARMHOUSE AND 32 ACRES.

£2,500, only slightly over the hour from Town, but amidst ABSOLUTELY RURAL SURROUNDINGS, and requiring only a little tasteful renovating to make a charming Residence: 2 reception, 8 bed, etc.; 1 mile from station.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (1,892)

A.D. 1551.

A UNIQUE PROPERTY POSSESSING EXCEPTIONAL PRIVILEGES.

45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above historic RESIDENCE, which is in a good state of preservation and is said to have been the gift of Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; also servants' hall and usual offices; very good stabling for 16; 4 good cottages; small farmery; Company's gas and water; main drainage; old-world gardens, wide spreading lawns, adorned by clumps of shrubs, sloping to the river bank; magnificent old trees; prolific walled kitchen garden and small orchard; private fishing rights; hunting and golf.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W., who have inspected. (4,029)

YORKSHIRE. — To be SOLD, the above artistic RESIDENCE, standing in lovely old grounds of 7 acres: 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 5, coach-house, harness room, etc.; 4 very good cottages; the gardens and grounds are tastefully laid out, and include ornamental fountain and tennis courts; large kitchen garden, well stocked with fruit trees, and a good range of glasshouses, in all about 7 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,054)

AS ABOVE. NO EULOGY REQUIRED.

½ HOUR OUT; QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.

GROUNDS OF 7 ACRES, well timbered.—The HOUSE is in perfect order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, and bathroom; stabling for 3 horses.

FOR SALE.

—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,066)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling family jewels, old silver, furniture, pictures, prints, miniatures, china, coins, books, old lace, furs, musical instruments, guns, and other valuables, is drawn to

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S AUCTION GALLERIES, 9, CONDUIT STREET, and 23a, MADDOX STREET, W., which are OPEN DAILY to receive GOODS intended for early SALES. Valuations are prepared for fire insurance, estate duty, and all other purposes. Policy-owners are reminded that a signed inventory by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY greatly facilitates settlement with insurance companies after a fire.

EXCEPTIONAL HUNTING FACILITIES. FOR THE HUNTING SEASON OR BY THE YEAR.

One of the most luxurious Houses in the Midlands.

TO BE LET, appropriately Furnished, the above fine HOUSE, replete with every luxury, including electric light, Moorish bathrooms, electric ray baths, etc. Accommodation: suite of reception rooms, billiard room, 21 bedrooms, etc.; stabling for 20 horses.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 779)

SHOOTING OVER 2,000 ACRES.

FOR THE WINTER OR YEAR OR TERM OF YEARS.—HAMPSHIRE (occupying a dry and healthy situation on high ground).—To be LET, Furnished, this fine old MANOR HOUSE, containing some 25 bedrooms. An ideal winter Residence.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9 Conduit Street, W. (F 31)

50 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, an attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with charming old gardens and grounds; the Home Farm of some 300 acres could be included in the letting. The House contains: square hall, large drawing room, dining room, and billiard room, 16 bed and dressing rooms and bathroom; ample stabling; the House stands in a beautifully timbered park of about 250 acres, and the Estate is unusually attractive, there being two fine lakes surrounded by woods with magnificent rhododendrons. Certain rights over the lake could be given to tenant. —Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,706)

AN OLD SUFFOLK HOMESTEAD.

£5,000 WITH 200 ACRES; a great bargain; 3 miles from a market town and main line station. The Residence is a gentleman's place in every way: 4 reception, 7 bed, bath (h. and c.), etc.; acetylene gas; excellent arable and grassland, with a stream, in all nearly 200 acres, with ample farm-buildings.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

JUST WITHIN THE HOUR OF TOWN.

400FT. ABOVE SEA. RAGSTONE SUBSOIL.

KENT.—3 miles from the interesting old town of Maidstone, amidst some of the most delightful scenery in the South of England, absolutely unspoilt by modern developments, with glorious views over a varied landscape. The House is 100 YEARS OLD, with fine old stone walls 2ft. thick, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. (house easily enlarged); stabling for 3; 2 fine old Elizabethan cottages. The grounds, comprising 7 acres, are beyond description. So plentiful are the fruit, nuts, and vegetables that the surplus

PAYS THE ENTIRE UP-KEEP OF THE GROUNDS.

—Full particulars of this charming little Freehold Property of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W., who have inspected. (4,022)

A REAL OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT AND TELEPHONE.

TO BE SOLD, this delightful old QUEEN ANNE FARMHOUSE, renovated and brought up to date, with hot and cold water throughout. It is approached from a lodge by a private road and carriage drive, and stands in the centre of

27 ACRES OF MEADOW-LAND.

Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling ample, as are the out buildings; motor garage, farmery, etc.—Inspected by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,052)

HALF AN HOUR FROM LONDON, with frequent service.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very pleasant position on the top of a hill: lounge hall (27ft. by 17ft.), dining room (25ft. by 16ft.), drawing room (21ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), library, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; electric light; gas and Company's water laid; telephone is installed; the garden contains some fine old oak and silver birch trees; well-made tennis court, rockery, etc.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,008)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

NEAR ONE OF THE PRETTIEST REACHES OF THE UPPER THAMES.

NEWNHAM MANOR (Wallingford), comprising the above charming old-fashioned HOUSE, with the adjoining ESTATE of about 800 ACRES, for SALE. The Mansion, which is of moderate size, is in perfect order, and possesses all modern comforts, including electric light, stands in a grandly timbered and delightfully undulating park; picturesque lodge, magnificent elm avenue, inexpensive gardens and grounds, glasshouses; capital stabling: home farm, cottages, etc.; well above but within easy reach of the river Thames, to which there is an important frontage; about a mile from the station and the quaint old town of Wallingford. —Detailed particulars, with plan and views, can be obtained of the Agents, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

PUTNEY HEATH and WIMBLEDON COMMON (within easy reach of).—Exceptional attractive and well-built FAMILY HOUSE, with beautifully timbered and secluded grounds of 3½ ACRES, FOR SALE, at a moderate price. First-class stabling for 8 horses, garage. House replete with all modern comforts and conveniences, including electric light; 14 bed and dressing rooms, suite of large handsome reception rooms. THE LAND POSSESSES IMPORTANT AND VALUABLE FRONTAGES. 7 minutes' walk from station.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,981)

TO CITY MEN AND OTHERS (beautiful rural district: under 1 hour from the Stock Exchange). — For SALE, a delightful RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 50 acres, MORE LAND IF REQUIRED. Excellent, handsome Residence, standing on gravel and sand, at a good elevation, commanding fine views, and surrounded by nicely timbered park; billiard and usual reception rooms, about 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; ample stabling; cottages, farm-buildings, etc.; charming, finely timbered grounds, kitchen garden, and moderate amount of glass; golfing, hunting, and shooting in the immediate neighbourhood.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,129)

SURREY (in one of the most popular residential districts, within easy reach of a station, and only 40 minutes from London).—TO BE SOLD, an exceedingly CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising the above delightful Family Residence, occupying an exceptionally healthy situation on gravelly soil, surrounded by charming pleasure grounds and 35 ACRES of parkland. The House contains: entrance and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bath (h. and c.), and convenient domestic offices; excellent stabling; walled kitchen garden, with complete ranges of glass, including conservatory.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,037)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

OXSHOTT AND COBHAM (between).—In this lovely district, £3,500 will purchase a charming HOUSE and 3 acres of lovely grounds. High, open, and healthy situation; 8 minutes from station; sandy soil; 9 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), good reception rooms, lounge hall; electric light; Company's water. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,100)

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100 ACRES (nearly) of MEADOW and PASTURE-LAND, in a FAVOURITE MIDLAND COUNTY, to be SOLD for £2,000, together with a quaint old FARMHOUSE, in a singularly healthy situation, 1,200ft. above sea level, and commanding fine views; abundant water supply; quarry of building stone on the estate; EXCELLENT SPORTING DISTRICT; station 1¼ miles; outgoings only 22s. a year.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (21,709)

HOLMWOOD AND LEITH HILL.—For SALE, the above old MANOR HOUSE, seated on high ground, amid well-timbered park-like lands and woods, 150 acres in all. House contains: 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, 4 reception rooms; lovely old-world grounds, stream intersecting Estate.—Recommended from inspection by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,892)

FARM WANTED TO BUY.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE are SEEKING, for an applicant who is well known to them and is desirous of buying, a FARM of about 100 to 300 acres, with moderate-sized Residence and useful farm-buildings; gravelly soil preferred. Possession next Spring. — Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

NEWBURY (A MILE FROM).

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE an old-fashioned, ivy-clad COTTAGE RESIDENCE, beautifully situated on a hill with uninterrupted views. Stable, walled and prolific kitchen garden, lawn, with grand old trees. 4 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, good offices. Inspected. —WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,060)

TO GOLFERS AND OTHERS.

WALTON-ON-THE-HILL GOLF LINKS (close to), 550ft. above sea; grand views.—To be SOLD, a particularly attractive COUNTRY HOUSE and 13 acres, 1 mile from station, under an hour from the City: 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, suite of capital reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling; motor-house: charming grounds and meadow-land; Company's water; modern drainage.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,128)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE and WARWICKSHIRE BORDERS (near station on G.C. Ry. main line, close to village, post and telegraph office, 8 miles from Rugby, and in close proximity to several well-known meets of the Pytchley and Warwickshire Hounds).—To be SOLD, this picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in inexpensive and very pretty pleasure grounds, gardens, etc., of ABOUT 6 ACRES. It contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good domestic offices; first-rate stabling (mostly boxes) for 20 horses, coach-house, saddle and cleaning rooms, and several rooms for men; 2 modern cottages; excellent water supply; good drainage; lighted by petrol gas; 35 ACRES OF EXCELLENT LAND CAN BE PURCHASED.—Inspected and strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,515)

EXCEPTIONALLY CHOICE GRAZING FARM IN A FIRST-RATE SPORTING DISTRICT.

HOUSE ADAPTABLE FOR GENTLEMAN'S OCCUPATION.

TO BE SOLD, a thoroughly sound GRAZING FARM, situate on the Leicestershire borders of Northamptonshire, 5 miles from Rugby, and comprising a good FARMHOUSE, WELL ADAPTED FOR A HUNTING BOX or for conversion into a gentleman's moderate-sized Residence; farm-buildings and well-timbered LANDS, in all about 170 acres. The House (which lends itself to enlargement) is situate in a pretty village, from which it is approached by a short drive, and contains: 2 good-sized sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; sheltered garden, with tennis lawn; stabling, premises, and COTTAGES. There is a fine range of excellent modern field buildings, suitably positioned. The land is well fenced, watered, and sheltered, and the whole forms one of the most desirable properties of its character now available. It is suitable for the occupation of a gentleman farmer fond of hunting, polo, and sport, and is situate in one of the best social districts in the county.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,425)

HERTS (in an extremely pretty and rural village, only 40 minutes from London). — To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a desirable old-world RESIDENCE (see view above), with beautifully timbered grounds and meadow-land of over 60 acres; high and sheltered situation; fine views; 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, suite of large and handsome reception rooms, including billiard room; stabling for 10, 4 cottages; pleasure and kitchen gardens, orchards, plantations, oak avenue; and entrance lodge.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,063)

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

ESTATE AGENTS

ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF LINKS.
AN OPPORTUNITY WHICH SELDOM OCCURS.

ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF LINKS (almost adjoining).—To be SOLD, or LET, above RESIDENCE in this favourite district, standing in pretty grounds of about 2 acres (extra land if desired): lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.;

WEALTH OF OLD OAK PANELLING;

motor-house; 300ft. above the sea level; South aspect.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 8,109)

£800.—**13 MILES OF LONDON,** in a pretty part of Surrey, artistic Freehold BIJOU RESIDENCE: 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, glass-covered smoking lounge, kitchen, and good offices; very pretty garden, with ample fruit trees, small lawn.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,930)

£2,400.—**SOUTHBOURNE, NEAR BOURNEMOUTH** (near sea, golf, station, etc.), bracing position: hall, 3 good reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; pretty grounds, tennis lawn; electric light, gas.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,947)

MOST SOUTHERN HOUSE IN ENGLAND.

FOR THE WINTER OR LONGER.—Extremely comfortable RESIDENCE, commanding exceptionally fine views of passing ships: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; sheltered grounds, tennis lawn, 3 glasshouses, etc.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (4,341)

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
GOLF LINKS ¾ MILE.

SUSSEX.—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a well-arranged RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres, and commanding lovely views: spacious entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms, usual offices; well-shaded garden, tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Box K 3,904, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.—To be SOLD, an old-world RESIDENCE: large dining room with inglenook, drawing room, both rooms have beamed ceilings and polished wood-block floors, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for 2 and men's rooms; well-stocked orchard and fruit garden, with rustic rosery, pergolas, etc., and wall fruit and meadow-land, in all about 16 acres.—Apply, Box K 4,006, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Sold by all Leading Tobacconists.
West End Depot: RÉGIE, 83, PICCADILLY, W.

£600.—**HERTS.**—To be SOLD, a well-built COTTAGE RESIDENCE, within 1 mile of station: 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom; garden; gas and water laid on.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,858)

G.N.R. (with 75 minutes' express service to Town, in a fine sporting district, and within 1½ miles of a capital social town). — COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE, standing on site of a most ancient house: 13 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 5 reception; stabling for 6; in all 10 acres. A VERY REAL OPPORTUNITY.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (8,061)

COST £8,000.
SELL FOR £3,500.

SOUTHERN SUBURB (amidst perfect quiet, yet most convenient for City man).—Picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE: 5 bed, bath, lounge hall, 3 reception; pretty gardens, excellent tennis lawn. Price, £1,300; ground rent, £16 10s.—Inspected by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE.
OLD-WORLD GROUNDS AND PARK.

G.W.R. (in a lovely position, surrounded by finely timbered park and lovely old grounds): suite of reception rooms, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; ample stabling.

OLD OAK PANELLING.

Well away from road and motor dust. To be SOLD at a very moderate figure.—Inspected and recommended as a really choice property, in perfect order, by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, with lodge entrance: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and capital offices; stabling for 4; 2 cottages and farmery; gravel soil; 1 mile of excellent golf course; lovely old pleasure grounds, and several rich paddocks, in all about 26½ acres.—Box K 3,863, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.—TEMPEST AND CO., 1, Jeffreys Road, Clapham, purchasers of every description of ladies', gentlemen's, and children's left-off clothing; highest prices given; old gold, jewellery, regimentals, artificial teeth, and curios bought; no parcel too small or too large; ladies and gentlemen waited on by appointment. Established 1860.

ELLIOTT AND CO., 280, CLAPHAM ROAD, are buyers of every description old Gold Jewellery, Silver, Artificial Teeth, etc. Highest price given by return or price submitted.

ENTREE DISHES.—12 Sheffield-plated on Copper Entree Dishes, forming 2 dishes. Only 27/6 each, worth 60/-; made for an hotel and too late; approval.—ELLIOTT, 280, Clapham Road, S.W.

CHARING-CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.

28, BEDFORD ST., CHARING CROSS, LONDON, and 39, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHIN, LONDON, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, &c.
Assets £1,607,949. Liabilities £1,236,871. Surplus £371,078
LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares, and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
2½ per cent. allowed on Current account balances.
DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under.
Subject to 3 months' Notice of Withdrawal, 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 " "
" 12 " " " 7 " "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 38 years, and our position in the Banking World to-day, testifies to the success of our business methods and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for Prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS, H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

AUCTIONEERS

HANTS, BERKS, AND SURREY BORDERS.—This picturesque RESIDENCE to LET for the Winter: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms: stabling 2; charming grounds; hunting and golf near.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,010)

AT A BARGAIN PRICE.

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Contains: hall, with lavatory and cloakroom, dining room with French windows to lawn, full-sized billiard room, drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas and main water; stabling; tennis and croquet lawns, pretty garden and meadow; sea and golf links near.

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OF 1½ ACRES.

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IN A RURAL PART OF SURREY.—To be LET or SOLD, the above well-built modern RESIDENCE, designed after the Tudor period, and, having been built for owner's own occupation, is fitted throughout with every possible convenience, happily combining the picturesqueness of the past with the utility of to-day.

Large hall,	7 bedrooms,
large dining room,	bathroom,
drawing room,	excellent offices;
full-sized billiard room,	good motor accommodation.

Beautifully laid-out grounds, planted with 4,000 rose trees.

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They know that all the ingredients in their cakes are clean and wholesome. And "Paisley Flour" scones and cakes are so light that children can eat them without fear of unpleasant consequences.

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Mix 1 part with 8 parts ordinary flour; 7*d*., 3½*d*. and 1*d*. packets. The 7*d*. packet contains enough for half a stone of flour.

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Send for Lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," 6*d*.; also for Corset Catalogue.

insertion of *ficelle filet* lace. And this, in substance, is the style of house gown that will certainly be exhaustively patronised during the coming months.

The Sealskin Coat à la Directoire

One almost heard the sigh of absolute relief that wafted through the air on the first break-up of the warm weather from the hearts of fair femininity who had perforce been compelled to hold back the wearing of their carefully thought-out and eagerly coveted furs. The query, though, must inevitably arise as to where all the money comes from to buy the crowds of beautiful peltry that one sees about. Rich and rare furs are to-day the rule rather than the exception, and without a word of dissent the award for effect, in the matter of smaller fitments, is accorded silver-pointed fox. Fox is distinctly a showy fur in its every variety, but the dark tones have it for becomingness. While for coats, sealskin, together with its dangerous rival, seal musquash, has leapt into first favour with those who have the ready wherewithal.

An extremely desirable possession is a Directoire seal coat, the double-breast fronts cut off short in front and closing with something specially fetching in the way of buttons. Only at the very best fur emporiums are such pronounced styles stocked, however, and at establishments that boast a clientèle of an extravagantly fastidious order. And the fact that these great folk are pleased to shed the smile of their approval once again on sealskin may be noted down as an assured feature of this winter of grace. It also goes with the trend of the times that these coats are invariably a good half-length and of a subtle semi-fit. It may be heresy, of course, but personally given the choice I should select the finest Persian lamb, a fur that builds up admirably on similarly picturesque lines, and, at the same time, lends itself with perhaps a little more amiability to an adornment of braids and cords.

An Original Design for a Large Spot Net Slip

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Vogue of the Large Spot Net Slip

There is but small need to urge the speedy acquisition of these dainty blouses, since they might have been made expressly to meet the needs of winter coats. A happier inspiration we have never had than these great spot nets, some of the spots the size of a shilling, and raised into relief by an embroidery silk. And now that the nets are obtainable in all the fashionable shades, together with black and white, the departure is provided with sufficient variety to ensure an encouraging longevity of existence. The original design illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar discloses the decorative valu of inch-wide tucks disposed horizontally in the case of the long, close-fitting sleeves. These tucks and a mammoth *jabot* form the two salient features of this successful model, the remaining details of bow cravat and ruffles being open to individual treatment.

The Practical Princesse Costume

Those who can recall the enthusiastic praise lavished on this departure a week or so ago will certainly be interested in our pictured presentment of the Princesse walking gown. Expressed in fine navy twill, trimmed with black braid, satin buttons, and a folded sash of black satin, the *ensemble* would epitomise the practical virtues. The tiny round guimpe is of ivory net, tucked in form, Mrs. Dorothy Millar furthermore suggesting the concluding *chic* imparted by a grey fox fur and muff and a velvet fez toque.

Tempters of the Palate

Those of fastidious tastes will learn with interest that the famous French firm of M. E. Marsdon have established branches in various parts of London for the supply of their renowned specialities. Butter, tea, coffee, etc., are an important factor in the health and beauty problem. In Paris, the brands of M. E. Marsdon are identified with everything that is best and purest in such commodities. The coffee supplied by this eminent firm has a peculiar richness of flavour, a delicate, fragrant, subtle odour that distinguishes it immediately from the "best blends" of the family grocer or stores.

The delicious butter supplied is guaranteed by them to be churned each morning from pure fresh cream collected daily from their own farms, and is absolutely fresh, pure, and sweet, free from any preservative matter whatever. As to honey, this reliable firm's special brand is warranted to be absolutely pure.

Visitors to their premises at 32, Westbourne Grove can enjoy for the modest outlay of 1*s.* 6*d.* an exquisitely served luncheon (French cookery) daily from 12 to 3. Teas at moderate prices are also served from 3 to 6, giving visitors an opportunity to test Messrs. Marsdon's special blend. The address of their branch stores are 95, High Street, Marylebone, W., and 17, Cricklewood Broadway, N.W.

Madame Melba in London

Everybody will be glad to hear that Madame Melba, who has just started on a long tour, will be back in London long before 1910, the date we gave in a recent issue. As a matter of fact, the prima donna is to return to London from the first part of her tour, through the British provinces, on November 7 for the farewell concert at the Albert Hall.

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THE STRONGEST
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FOR HARD WEAR.

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They are the only Carpets which answer to modern requirements, being Hygienic, Decorative, Durable, and Inexpensive. **Easy to Sweep. Do not Collect Dust.** *Send for patterns.*

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6/9	8/6	10/-	10/6	12/6	15/9
2½ by 4	3 by 3	3 by 3½	3 by 4	3 by 4½	3½ by 3½
18/6	15/-	17/6	20/-	23/-	21/6
3½ by 4	3½ by 4½	3¾ by 5	4 by 4	4 by 4½	4 by 5
23/6	27/-	31/6	27/6	30/-	33/6
4 by 6	4 by 7 yds.				
40/-	47/6 each.				

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A Woman's Note Book

The Question of the Lady Mayor

The lady Mayor discussion is, at the moment I am writing, the all-important topic among women. "To be or not to be? That is the question." It is a very thrilling question, answered so variously, argued about—shall I say?—so viciously. Personally, the controversy of the sphere of woman quite apart, I should like, at any rate for once, to see a good lady Mayor, as I would like to see a good woman anything, just to show what we are capable of being. Also, it would create a precedent, a precedent with some subtle importance for Suffragists for instance. Once a woman has held office-in-chief for a borough for a whole year, and wielded that power entrusted to her with discretion and ability, would it then be possible for man again to say that her sex is not capable of using that little thing, one vote, intelligently at Parliamentary elections? Alas! in this queer world, one can never tell what is possible.

A Queer Argument

Talking of Suffragists, I was the other day confronted by one of the queerest of arguments. A person—a man be it understood—assured me that one of his reasons for denying woman's claim in this matter is because there were no Suffragists in the Old Testament. Exactly what he meant remains uncertain; I have pondered it long, and come to no solution. Even if the remark were intended to be funny I cannot see it—I allude to the funniness. It must be a piece of purely masculine humour, the sort a woman's brains is not able to grapple with, just like, say some, the political question. There are so many things now permissible of which there is no mention in the Old Testament—for instance, motor-cars: and these are twice as dangerous at any Suffragette, even the most militant. I do not know that there were even policemen in the Old Testament. If my friend meant that there was not a Biblical woman to be found who would be likely to want a vote under latter-day social conditions I cannot agree with him. He must have forgotten. If he goes back to the Old Testament he will find women who were mixed up in public affairs, women who were born leaders, women who presumably would have been anxious for every benefit modern civilisation was willing to accord them.

What About Unemployed Women?

A writer in the *Woman Worker* puts out a plea which we must all have at heart in one form or another for provision of work for women during a winter of distress, and enforces it by the statement: "In Manchester this winter £50,000 of public money is being spent on relief work for men, and not one penny on working women." She adds: "A duty laid upon every thinking woman to-day is to demand equal treatment for the unemployed woman and the unemployed man." We know by this time that women do not work for the fun of it, not even for the fun of the payment, but from dire necessity. Widows, single women, women with aged parents dependent on them, women with bad husbands, these must work or starve. I speak not as a political economist, nor as a social reformer, nor as a charity preacher even, but only as a woman worker happily above the necessity of seeking for employment, a woman worker bound by loyalty to women.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME FISH AND ENTRÉE DISHES

Steamed Fillets of Sole with Shrimps

Divide a sole into nice narrow fillets. Place a few picked and boiled shrimps on each, roll them up and tie round well with string. Place them in a pie-dish, in a dripping-tin with water in it, in the oven, and leave it until the fish is quite cooked. Be careful to fill the tin with more water when required. Now make a sauce by melting 1oz. of butter in a saucepan, and stirring into it 1oz. of flour, add half a pint of milk gradually, and cook till thick. Add to this some shrimps (half a pint is enough for the whole), and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Place the fillets on an entrée dish, remove the string, pour over them the shrimp sauce, and garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Red Mullet (Stewed)

Wash three or four red mullet, remove the fins and gills, but leave the inside of the fish. Lay them in a dish with a little stock, half a carrot, and a quarter of a turnip very thinly sliced, the juice of half a lemon, a little parsley, some mace, a sprinkling of pepper and salt, and two glasses of white wine. Stew gently for about twenty-five minutes. Lift out the fish, strain the sauce, and thicken it with butter rolled in flour. Serve in a hot silver dish with the sauce poured round.

Cold Lobster Entrée

Line some small moulds with aspic. Put in slices of lobster cut in rather small pieces, then some slices of skinned tomatoes. Wash and bone two anchovies, pound them with butter and some shrimps, and sufficient aspic to make it set. Season well, rub through a sieve, and fill up the moulds with the mixture, finishing with aspic. When quite set, turn out and garnish with chopped aspic jelly and parsley.

Sweetbreads à la Crème

Trim the sweetbreads and soak them in warm water till white. Blanch them in boiling water, and then place in cold water. When quite cold, dry them, and place them in nice pieces in some white stock. Stew for half an hour. Now beat up the yolks of two or three eggs with some cream, a little finely chopped parsley, a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. Add to this the stock from the sweetbreads, and make it hot. Place the sweetbreads in an entrée dish, pour over them the sauce, and garnish with little rolls of fried bacon.

Ragoût of Venison

Cut some venison into neat slices, but not too thin, and put them into a stewpan with two onions sliced, two carrots ditto, one stick of celery, and some herbs in a little muslin bag. Nearly cover with some good stock, and add to it a glass of claret. Stew very gently till tender. Lift the meat out, and strain the gravy. Thicken it with a roux of butter and flour, a few capers, and some chopped shallot and gherkin; let all boil up, and pour over and round the venison and serve. Red currant jelly should accompany this dish.

Chicken Stewed with Rice

Cut a chicken up in neat joints, and fry it in some butter until it is a pale brown. Then arrange it in a neat circle in a fireproof dish. Boil some Patna rice for fifteen minutes, strain, and put it on the chicken. Have a good gravy made from the bones of the chicken, and put it over the chicken in the casserole dish. Let the whole cook gently for an hour and a quarter in a good oven. Serve in the casserole dish. This is a good way to cook an old fowl.

EMILIA.

Nurse Stephens, before taking Dalloff Tea.

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The abnormal growth of fat in both men and women, young and old, should be looked upon in the majority of cases as a disease, one which should be checked in its early stages whenever possible, and when of long standing treated carefully and promptly. Apart from the danger of excessive corpulence to the general health and system, its effect on the figure is too well known to need comment, especially where the graceful anatomy of the feminine sex is concerned. We have only to turn to the present fashions in ladies' attire to point out the importance of a graceful, slender figure, health and beauty.

After three months of Dr. Dalloff's Treatment.

What can be more convincing of the efficacy of

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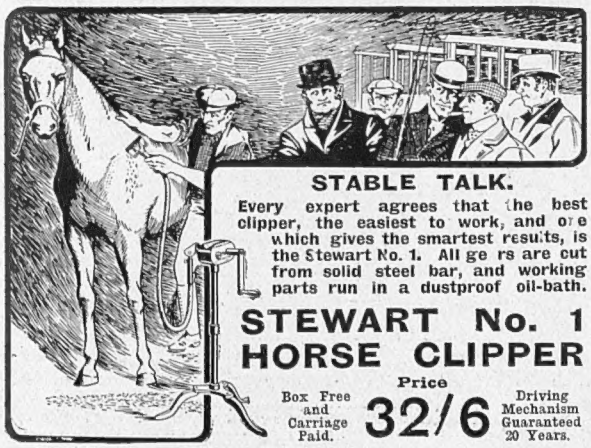

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The Editor's Box

A Play in Lancashire Dialect

Fearing, perhaps, that there are few people left in the world who have not seen *When Knights Were Bold* at least once, Mr. James Welch has added a new curtain-raiser for his tour in the suburbs and provinces. Though it is unthinkable that the famous farce would not bear being seen twice by itself, *A Question of Time*, by F. Matthias Alexander and Evelyn Glover, was by no means unwelcome at the Coronet Theatre—where it was first presented last week—though it is a mere episode. A lover hidden in a grandfather's clock; a superstitious Lancashire farmer and a still more superstitious wife; and a bewildered daughter are the elements, and the confusion resulting from the antics of the clock makes capital fun. The dialect was wonderfully well spoken, and the acting praiseworthy.

Lyme Regis

A genial spot this to spend an autumn week-end holiday, far removed from London fog. However cold the north-east wind may blow, one may always look to find shelter and warmth along the pretty cliff walks. Perhaps the most convenient trains, for week-enders, of the splendid service run by the London and South-Western Railway Company are the 3.30 p.m. from Waterloo, arriving at Lyme Regis at 7.30, and the 7.12 a.m. from Lyme, lue at Waterloo at 11.3 a.m.

The Most Pressing Distress

Mere palliatives of the present Unemployed Problem we all wish to avoid, but, nevertheless, while a permanent cure is being sought, the immediate distress of the moment can but be met by charitable means. That these are not being neglected I realised the other night, when, after the theatre, I walked along the Embankment and met Commissioner Nicol, of the Salvation Army, as energetic and practical during the period when most of the world sleeps as he is during his strenuous office work during the day in Queen Victoria Street. He was on his way to the free distribution of soup to the homeless and starving, tickets for which are judiciously distributed among the sorry nightbirds that haunt our Thames Embankment. The keen, practical nature of the Army's work was well exemplified by the Commissioner's words of encouragement and practical advice to the genuine cases of "down on their lucks," whom his keen eye quickly picked out from the ordinary loafer. Many were given the address of the Labour Bureau, others an introduction to one of the Army's "Elevators," but the subsequent bowl of soup meant to all that some, at least, were willing to do what they could to mitigate their misery. Those who wish to assist in this work should send a contribution to Mrs. Bramwell Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

A Model School Nursery

Undoubtedly the most interesting feature from the general point of view at the recent Infants' Health Exhibition held at the Institute of Hygiene, Devonshire Street, W., was the Model School Nursery, arranged on the recommendations of a Board of Education Committee for dealing with children under five. This model nursery contained a menagerie of pets, simple and amusing toys, and a thousand and one contrivances chiefly for the amusement, but also with an educational purpose, from which the little ones instinctively learn, but without mental fatigue. The idea is one which needs encouragement in the training of children of all classes, and this practical demonstration should do much to further this object.

Franco-British Awards

Izal, the well-known disinfectant, has been awarded a gold medal. This distinction emphasises the value of this disinfectant, which has already been extensively adopted by Government Departments and Sanitary Authorities for general disinfecting purposes.

Messrs. H. Bronnley and Co., Ltd., have been awarded the gold medal for their Viotto (Courvoiser's Otto of Violets) and Havaneta Perfumes and Soaps for excellence and quality.

In the tobacco section only one English firm gained the highest award, a Grand Prix. This has been gained by Messrs. Godfrey Phillips and Sons, the manufacturers of B. D. V. Cigarettes and Tobacco and Grand Cut Tobacco, for their exhibit, which long ago earned the description of "the most wonderful exhibit at the White City." Special interest has attached to Messrs. Phillips's Pavilion because of the series of marvellous machines which have been working there daily, and in awarding the highest honour possible to their model tobacco factory, there can be no doubt that the jurors were impressed not only with the quality of the tobacco sold to the public, but also by the extreme care in manufacture which ensures that quality being maintained.

Elkington and Co., Ltd., have been awarded the Grand Prix for silverware, enamelling, and Elkington Plate. Also two diplomas of honour and two gold medals. They, therefore, have awards as well as the highest distinctions in the power of the jury to bestow.

Bovril, which has been the only beef beverage authorised to be sold at the Franco-British Exhibition, has been awarded two Grands Prix.

Wooden Electric Fittings

Everyone knows the advantages of electric light as an illuminant, but its artistic merits are often minimised by badly designed and ugly fittings. Some of the most pleasing articles of this nature we have seen are Messrs. Tredegar's wooden fittings. These are not only extremely pleasing to look at, but they are inexpensive and clean, while the variety of suitable woods renders it possible to harmonise them with any style of decoration or architecture. Where old-fashioned mansions or panelled apartments are under consideration, the merits are especially obvious. A catalogue, giving full particulars, may be obtained on application to Messrs. Tredegar, 56, Victoria Street, S.W.

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